







THE  
*Annual Miscellany:*  
FOR  
The YEAR 1694.  
BEING  
THE FOURTH PART  
OF  
*Miscellany Poems.*  
Containing Great Variety  
OF  
NEW TRANSLATIONS  
AND  
*Original Copies,*  
BY THE  
*Most Eminent Hands.*

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L O N D O N:

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The Third BOOK,

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THE THIRD BOOK  
OF  
*VIRGIL's* Georgicks,  
Translated into  
ENGLISH VERSE  
BY  
Mr. *D R Y D E N.*

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THE THIRD BOOK  
OF  
*VIRGIL's Georgicks.*

**T**H Y Fields, propitious *Pales*, I reherſe;  
And ſing thy Paſtures in no vulgar Verſe,  
*Amphryſian* Shepherd; the *Lycean* Woods;  
*Arcadia's* flowry Plains, and pleaſing Floods.

All other Themes, that careleſs Minds invite,  
Are worn with uſe; unworthy me to write.  
*Buſiri's* Altars, and the dire Decrees  
Of hard *Euriſtheus*, ev'ry Reader ſees:  
*Hylas* the Boy, *Latona's* erring Iſle,  
And *Pelop's* Iv'ry Shoulder, and his Toyl

For fair *Hippodamé*, with all the rest  
Of *Grecian* Tales, by Poets are exprest :  
New ways I must attempt, my groveling Name  
To raise aloft, and wing my flight to Fame.

I, first of *Romans*, shall in Triumph come  
From conquer'd *Greece*, and bring her Trophies  
home :

With Foreign Spoils adorn my native place ;  
And with *Idume's* Palms, my *Mantua* grace.  
Of *Parian* Stone a Temple will I raise,  
Where the slow *Mincius* through the Vally strays:  
Where cooling Streams invite the Flocks to drink:  
And Reeds defend the winding water's brink.  
Full in the midst shall mighty *Cesar* stand :  
Hold the chief Honours ; and the Dome command.  
Then I, conspicuous in my *Tyrian* Gown,  
(Submitting to his Godhead my Renown)

A hundred Courfers from the Goal will drive:  
The Rival Chariots in the Race shall strive.  
All Greece shall flock from far, my Games to see;  
The Whorlbat, and the rapid Race, shall be  
Reserv'd for *Cesar*, and ordain'd by me.  
My self, with Olive crown'd, the Guifts will bear:  
Ev'n now methinks the publick shouts I hear;  
The passing Pageants, and the Poms appear.  
I, to the Temple, will conduct the Crew:  
The Sacrifice and Sacrificers view;  
From thence return, attended with my Train,  
Where the proud Theatres disclose the Scene:  
Which interwoven *Britains* seem to raise,  
And shew the *Triumph* which their *Shame* displays.  
High o're the Gate, in Elephant and Gold,  
The Crowd shall *Cesar's Indian War* behold;  
The *Nile* shall flow beneath; and on the side,  
His shatter'd Ships on Brazen Pillars ride.

Next him *Niphates* with inverted Urn,  
And dropping Sedge, shall his *Armenia* mourn ;  
And *Asian* Cities in our Triumph born.  
With backward Bows the *Parthians* shall be there;  
And, spurring from the Fight, confess their fear.  
A double Wreath shall crown our *Cæsar's* Brows ;  
Two differing Trophies, from two different Foes.  
*Europe* with *Africk* in his Fame shall join ;  
But neither Shore his Conquest shall confine.  
The *Parian* Marble, there, shall seem to move,  
In breathing Statues, not unworthy *Jove*.  
Resembling Heroes, whose *Ethereal* Root  
Is *Jove* himself, and *Cæsar* is the Fruit.  
*Tros* and his Race the Sculptor shall employ ;  
And He the God who built the Walls of *Troy*.  
Envy her self at last, grown pale and dumb ;  
(By *Cæsar* combated and overcome)

Shall give her Hands ; and fear the curling Snakes  
Of lashing Furies, and the burning Lakes :

The pains of Famisht *Tantalus* shall feel ;

And *Sisyphus* that labours up the Hill

The rowling Rock in vain ; and curst *Ixion's* (Wheel.

Mean time we must pursue the *Silvan* Lands ;

(Th' abode of Nymphs,) untouch'd by former

Hands :

For such, *Macenas*, are thy hard Commands.

Without thee nothing lofty can I sing ;

Come then, and with thy self thy Genius bring :

With which Inspir'd, I brook no dull delay.

*Cytheron* loudly calls me to my way ;

Thy Hounds, *Taygetus*, open and pursue their

High *Epidaurus* urges on my speed,

(prey.

Fam'd for his Hills, and for his Horses breed :



From Hills and Dales the chearful Cries rebound :  
For Eccho hunts along;and propagates the sound.

A time will come, when my maturer Muse,  
In *Cesar's* Wars, a Nobler Theme shall chuse.  
And through more Ages bear my Sovereign's  
Praise ;  
Than have from *Tiibon* past to *Cesar's* Days.

The Generous Youth,who studious of the Prize,  
The Race of running Courfers multiplies ;  
Or to the Plough the sturdy Bullock breeds,  
May know that from the Dam the worth of each  
proceeds :

The Mother Cow must wear a lowring look,  
Sour headed, strongly neck'd, to bear theyoke.  
Her double Dew-lap from her Chin descends :  
And at her Thighs the pond'rous burthen ends.

Long

Long are her sides and large, her Limbs are great ;  
Rough are her Ears, and broad her horny Feet.  
Her Colour shining black, but fleak'd with  
white ;

She tosses from the Yoke ; provokes the Fight :  
She rises in her gate, is free from fears ;  
And in her Face a Bull's Resemblance bears :  
Her ample Forehead with a Star is Crown'd ;  
And with her length of Tail she sweeps the  
ground.

The Bull's Insult at Four she may sustain ;  
But, after Ten, from Nuptial Rites refrain.  
Six Seasons use ; but then release the Cow,  
Unfit for Love, and for the lab'ring Plough.

Now while their Youth is fill'd with kindly  
Fire,  
Submit thy Females to the lusty Sire :

Watch

Watch the quick motions of the frisking Tail,  
Then serve their fury with the rushing Male,  
Indulging Pleasure lest the Breed shou'd fail.

In Youth alone, Unhappy Mortals Live ;  
But, ah ! the mighty Bliss is fugitive ;  
Discolour'd Sicknefs, anxious Labours come,  
And Age, and Death's inexorable Doom.

Yearly thy Herds in vigour will impair ;  
Recruit and mend 'em with thy Yearly care :  
Still propagate, for still they fall away,  
'Tis prudence to prevent th' entire decay.

Like Diligence requires the Courser's Race ;  
In early choice ; and for a longer space.

The



The Colt, that for a Stallion is design'd,  
By sure presages shows his Generous Kind,  
Of able Body, sound of Limb and Wind.

Upright he walks, on Pasterns firm and straight;  
His motions easy; prancing in his Gate.

The first to lead the way, to tempt the flood;  
To pass the Bridge unknown, nor fear the trem-  
bling wood.

Dauntless at empty noises; lofty neck'd;  
Sharp headed, Barrel belly'd, broadly back'd.  
Brawny his Chest, and deep, his Colour gray;  
For Beauty dappled, or the brightest Bay:  
Faint White and Dun will scarce the Rearing  
pay.

The fiery Courser when he hears from far,  
The sprightly Trumpets, and the shouts of  
War,

Pricks up his Ears ; and trembling with delight,  
 Shifts place, and paws ; and hopes the promis'd  
 Fight.

On his right shoulder his thick Mane reclin'd,  
 Ruffles at speed ; and dances in the wind.

His horny Hoofs are jetty-black, and round ;

His Chine is double ; starting with a bound

He turns the Turf, and shakes the solid ground.

Fire from his Eyes, Clouds from his Nostrils flow :

He bears his Rider headlong on the Foe.

Such was the Steed in *Gracian* Poets fam'd,  
 Proud *Cyllarus*, by *Spartan Pollux* tam'd :

Such Coursers bore to Fight the God of *Thrace* ;

And such, *Achilles*, was thy Warlick Race.

In such a Shape, grim *Saturn* did restrain

His Heav'nly Limbs, and flow'd with such a  
 Mane.

When,

When, half surpriz'd, and fearing to be seen,  
The Leatcher gallop'd from his Jealous Queen :  
Ran up the ridges of the Rocks amain ;  
And with shrill Neighings fill'd the Neighbour-  
(ing plain.

But worn with Years, when dire Diseases come,  
Then hide his not Ignoble Age, at Home :  
In peace t' enjoy his former Palms and Pains ;  
And gratefully be kind to his Remains.  
For when his Blood no Youthful Spirits move,  
He languishes and labours in his Love.  
And when the sprightly Seed shou'd swiftly come,  
Dribling he drudges, and defrauds the Womb.  
In vain he burns, like hasty stubble fires ;  
And in himself his former self requires.

His Age and Courage weigh : nor those alone,  
But note his Father's Virtues and his own ;

Observe

Observe if he disdains to yield the Prize ;  
Of Loss impatient, proud of Victories.

Haft thou beheld, when from the Goal they <sup>(start,</sup>  
The Youthful Charioteers with beating Heart,  
Rush to the Race ; and panting, scarcely bear  
Th' extreams of feaverish hope, and chilling fear ;  
Stoop to the Reins, and lash with all their force ;  
The flying Chariot kindles in the course :  
And now a-low ; and now aloft they fly,  
As born through Air, and seem to touch the Sky.  
No stop, no stay, but clouds of sand arise ;  
Spurn'd, and cast backward on the follower's Eyes.  
The hindmost blows the foam upon the first :  
Such is the love of Praise : an Honourable Thirst.

Bold *Eriethonius* was the first, who joyn'd  
Four Horses for the rapid Race design'd ;

And

And o're the dusty wheels presiding fat ;  
The *Lapytha* to Chariots, add the State  
Of Bits and Bridles ; taught the Steed to bound ;  
To run the Ring, and trace the mazy round.  
To stop, to fly, the Rules of War to know :  
T' obey the Rider ; and to dare the Foe.

To choose a Youthful Steed, with Courage fir'd ;  
To breed him, break him, back him, are requir'd  
Experienc'd Masters ; and in sundry ways :  
Their Labours equal, and alike their Praise.  
But once again the batter'd Horse beware,  
The weak old Stallion will deceive thy care.  
Though Famous in his Youth for force and  
Or was of *Argos* or *Epirian* breed, (speed,  
Or did from *Neptune's* Race, or from himself  
proceed.



These things premis'd, when now the Nuptial  
Approaches for the stately Steed to climb ; <sup>(time</sup>  
With Food inable him, to make his Court ;  
Distend his Chine, and pamper him for sport.  
Feed him with Herbs, whatever thou can't find,  
Of generous warmth ; and of salacious kind.  
Then water him, and (drinking what he can)  
Encourage him to thirst again, with Bran.  
Instructed thus, produce him to the Faire ;  
And joyn in Wedlock to th' expecting Mare.  
For if the Sire be faint, or out of case,  
He will be copied in his famish'd Race :  
And sink beneath the pleasing Task assign'd ;  
(For all's too little for the craving Kind.)

As for the Females, with industrious care  
Take down their Mettle, keep 'em lean and bare ;

When

When conscious of their past delight, and keen  
To take the leap, and prove the sport again :  
With scanty measure then supply their food ;  
And, when athirst, restrain 'em from the flood :  
Their Bodies harrafs, sink 'em when they run ;  
And fry their melting Marrow in the Sun.  
Starve 'em, when Barns beneath their burthen  
groan,  
And winnow'd Chaff, by western winds is blown.  
For fear the rankness of the swelling Womb  
Shou'd scant the passage, and confine the room.  
Lest the fat Furrows shou'd the sense destroy  
Of Genial Lust ; and dull the Seat of Joy.  
But let 'em suck the Seed with greedy force ;  
And there enclose the Vigour of the Horse.

The Male has done ; thy Care must now proceed  
To teeming Females ; and the promis'd breed.

*Here the  
Poet re-  
turns to  
Cows.*

First let 'em run at large ; and never know  
 The taming Yoak, or draw the crooked Plough.  
 Let 'em not leap the Ditch, or swim the Flood ;  
 Or lumber o're the Meads ; or cross the Wood.  
 But range the Forest, by the silver side  
 Of some cool Stream, where Nature shall provide  
 Green Grass and fatning Clover for their fare ;  
 And Mossy Caverns for their Noontide lare :  
 With Rocks above, to shield the sharp Nocturnal air.

About th' *Alburnian* Groves, with Holly green,  
 Of winged Insects mighty swarms are seen :

This flying Plague (to mark its quality ;)

*Oestros* the *Grecians* call : *Asylus*, we :

A fierce loud buzzing Breez ; their stings draw  
 blood ;

And drive the Cattel gadding through the  
 Wood.



Seiz'd with unusual pains, they loudly cry,  
*Tanagrus* hastens thence; and leaves his Channel  
dry.

This Curse the jealous *Juno* did invent;  
And first employ'd for *Io's* Punishment.  
To shun this Ill, the cunning Leach ordains  
In Summer's Sultry Heats (for then it reigns)  
To feed the Females, e're the Sun arise,  
Or late at Night, when Stars adorn the Skies.

When she has calv'd, then set the Dam aside;  
And for the tender Progeny provide.  
Distinguish all betimes, with branding Fire;  
To note the Tribe, the Lineage, and the Sire.  
Whom to reserve for Husband of the Herd;  
Or who shall be to Sacrifice preferr'd;  
Or whom thou shalt to turn thy Glebe allow;  
To harrow Furrows, and sustain the Plough:

The rest, for whom no Lot is yet decreed,  
May run in Pastures, and at pleasure feed.  
The Calf, by Nature and by Genius made  
To turn the Glebe, breed to the Rural trade.  
Set him betimes to School ; and let him be  
Instructed there in Rules of Husbandry :  
While yet his Youth is flexible and green ;  
Nor bad Examples of the World has seen.  
Early begin the stubborn Child to break ;  
For his soft Neck, a supple Collar make  
Of bending Osiers ; and (with time and care  
Enur'd that easie Servitude to bear)  
Thy flattering Method on the Youth pursue :  
Join'd with his School-Fellows, by two and two,  
Perswade 'em first to lead an empty Wheel,  
That scarce the dust can raise ; or they can feel :  
In length of Time produce the lab'ring Yoke  
And shining Shares, that make the Furrow smoak.

E're

E're the licentious Youth be thus restrain'd,  
 Or Moral Precepts on their Minds have gain'd ;  
 Their wanton Appetites not only feed  
 With delicates of Leaves, and marshy Weed,  
 But with thy Sickle reap the rankest land :  
 And minister the blade, with bounteous hand.  
 Nor be with harmful parsimony won  
 To follow what our homely Sires have done ;  
 Who fill'd the Pail with Beestings of the Cow :  
 But all her Udder to the Calf allow.

If to the Warlike Steed thy Studies bend,  
 Or for the Prize in Chariots to contend ;  
 Near *Pisa's* Flood the rapid Wheels to guide,  
 Or in *Olympian* Groves aloft to ride ;  
 The generous labours of the Courser, first  
 Must be with sight of Arms and sounds of Trum-  
 pets nurs'd :

Inur'd the groaning Axle-tree to bear ;  
And let him clashing Whips in Stables hear.  
Sooth him with praise ; and make him under-  
stand  
The loud Applauses of his Master's hand :  
This from his weaning, let him well be taught ;  
And then betimes in a soft Snaffle wrought :  
Before his tender Joints with Nerves are knit ;  
Guileless of Arms, and trembling at the Bit.  
But when to four full Springs his years advance,  
Teach him to run the round, with pride to prance,  
And (rightly manag'd) equal time to beat ;  
To turn, to bound in measure ; and Curvet.  
Let him, to this, with easie pains be brought :  
And seem to labour, when he labours not.  
Thus, form'd for speed, he challenges the wind ;  
- And leaves the *Scythian* Arrow far behind :

He scours along the Field, with loosen'd Reins ;  
 And treads so light, he scarcely prints the plains.  
 Like *Boreas* in his race, when rushing forth,  
 He sweeps the Skies, and clears the cloudy North:  
 The waving Harvest bends beneath his blast ;  
 The Forest shakes, the Groves their Honours cast ;  
 He flies aloft, and with impetuous roar  
 Pursues the foaming Surges to the shoar.

Thus o're th' *Eleaz* Plains, thy well-breath'd  
 Horse

Sustains the goring Spurs, and wins the Course.  
 Or, bred to *Belgian* Waggon, leads the way ;  
 Untir'd at night, and chearful all the Day.

When once he's broken, feed him full and high :  
 Indulge his growth, and his gaunt sides supply.  
 Before his training, keep him poor and low ;  
 For his stout stomach with his food will grow ;



The pamper'd Colt will Discipline disdain,  
Impatient of the Lash, and restiff to the Rein.

Wou'dst thou their Courage and their Strength  
improve,  
Too soon they must not feel the stings of Love.  
Whether the Bull or Courser be thy Care,  
Let him not leap the Cow, nor mount the Mare.  
The youthful Bull must wander in the Wood;  
Behind the Mountain, or beyond the Flood:  
Or, in the Stall at home his Fodder find;  
Far from the Charms of that alluring Kind.  
With two fair Eyes his Mistress burns his breast;  
He looks, and languishes, and leaves his rest;  
Forfakes his Food, and pining for the Lash,  
Is joyless of the Grove, and spurns the growing  
grass.

The soft Seducer, with enticing Looks,  
The bellowing Rivals to the Fight provokes.

A beauteous Heifer in the Woods is bred ;  
The stooping Warricurs, aiming head to head,  
Engage their clashing Horns; with dreadful sound  
The Forrest rattles, and the Rocks rebound.  
They fence, they push, and pushing loudly roar ;  
Their Dewlaps and their sides are bath'd in goar.  
Nor when the War is over, is it Peace ;  
Nor will the vanquish'd Bull his Claim release :  
But feeding in his Breast his ancient Fires,  
And cursing Fate, from his proud Foe retires.  
Driv'n from his Native Land, to foreign Grounds,  
He with a gen'rous rage resents his Wounds ;  
His ignominious flight, the Victor's boast,  
And more than both, the Loves, which unreveng'd  
he lost.

Often

Often he turns his Eyes, and, with a groan,  
Surveys the pleasing Kingdoms, once his own.  
And therefore to repair his strength he tries:  
Hardning his Limbs with painful Exercise,  
And rough upon the flinty Rock he lies.  
On prickly Leaves, and on sharp Herbs he feeds,  
Then to the Prelude of a War proceeds.  
His Horns, yet sore, he tries against a Tree:  
And meditates his absent Enemy.  
He snuffs the Wind, his heels the Sand excite;  
But, when he stands collected in his might,  
He roars, and promises a more successful fight.  
Then, to redeem his Honour at a blow,  
He moves his Camp, to meet his careless Foe.  
Not with more madness, rolling from afar,  
The spumy Waves proclaim the watry War.  
And mounting upwards, with a mighty roar,  
March onwards, and insult the rocky shoar.



They mate the middle Region with their height ;  
 And fall no less, than with a Mountain's weight ;  
 The Waters boil, and belching from below  
 Black Sands, as from a forceful Engine throw.

Thus every Creature, and of every Kind,  
 The secret Joys of sweet Coition find :  
 Not only Man's Imperial Race ; but they  
 That wing the liquid Air ; or swim the Sea,  
 Or haunt the Desert, rush into the flame :  
 For Love is Lord of all ; and is in all the same.

'Tis with this rage, the Mother Lion stung,  
 Scours o're the Plain ; regardless of her young :  
 Demanding Rites of Love ; she sternly stalks ;  
 And hunts her Lover in his lonely Walks.

'Tis then the shapeless Bear his Den forsakes ;  
 In Woods and Fields a wild destruction makes.

Boars whet their Tusks; to battel Tygers move;  
Enrag'd with hunger, more enrag'd with love.

Then wo to him, that in the defart Land  
Of *Lybia* travels, o're the burning Sand.

The Stallion snuffs the well-known Scent afar;  
And snorts and trembles for the distant Mare:

Nor Bitts nor Bridles, can his rage restrain;  
And rugged Rocks are interpos'd in vain:

He makes his way o're Mountains, and contemns  
Unruly Torrents, and unfoorded Streams.

The bristled Boar, who feels the pleasing wound,  
New grinds his arming Tusks, and digs the  
ground.

The sleepy Leacher shuts his little Eyes;  
About his churning Chaps the frothy bubbles  
rise:

He rubs his sides against a Tree; prepares  
And hardens both his Shoulders for the Wars.

What

What did the *Youth*, when Love's unerring Dart *Leander*  
Transfixt his Liver; and inflam'd his heart?

Alone, by night, his watry way he took;  
About him, and above, the Billows broke:  
The Sluces of the Skie were open spread;  
And rowling Thunder rattl'd o're his head.  
The raging Tempest call'd him back in vain;  
And every boding Omen of the Main.

Nor cou'd his Kindred; nor the kindly force  
Of weeping Parents, change his fatal Course.  
No, not the dying Maid, who must deplore  
His floating Carcass on the *Sestian* shore.

I pass the Wars that spotted *Linx's* make  
With their fierce Rivals, for the Females sake:  
The howling Wolves, the Mastiffs amorous rage;  
When even the fearful Stag dares for his Hind  
engage. But

But far above the rest, the furious Mare,  
Barr'd from the Male, is frantick with despair.  
For when her pouting Vent declares her pain,  
She tears the Harness, and she rends the Rein;  
For this; (when *Venus* gave them rage and  
pow'r)

Their Masters mangl'd Members they devour;  
Of Love defrauded in their longing Hour.  
For Love they force through Thickets of the  
Wood,

They climb the steepy Hills, and stem the Flood.

When at the Spring's approach their Marrow  
burns,  
(For with the Spring their Genial Warmth re-  
turns)

The Mares to Cliffs of rugged Rocks repair,  
And with wide Nostrils snuff the Western Air:

When

When (wondrous to relate) the Parent Wind,  
Without the Stallion, propagates the Kind.

Then fir'd with amorous rage, they take their  
flight

Through Plains, and mount the Hills unequal  
height;

Nor to the North, nor to the Rising Sun,

Nor Southward to the Rainy Regions run,

But boring to the West, and hov'ring there

With gaping Mouths, they draw prolifick air:

With which impregnate, from their Groins they

A slimy Juice, by false Conception bred.. (shed

The Shepherd knows it well; and calls by Name

*Hippomanes*, to note the Mothers Flame.

This, gather'd in the Planetary Hour, (pow'r,

With noxious Weeds, and spell'd with words of

Dire Stepdames in the Magick Bowl infuse;

And mix, for deadly draughts, the poys'nous juice.

But



But time is lost, which never will renew,  
While we too far the pleasing Path pursue;  
Surveying Nature, with too nice a view.

Let this suffice for Herds: our following Care  
Shall woolly Flocks, and shaggy Goats declare.  
Nor can I doubt what Oyl I must bestow,  
To raise my Subject from a Ground so low:  
And the mean Matter which my Theme affords,  
T'embellish with magnificence of Words.  
But the commanding Muse my Chariot guides;  
Which o're the dubious Cliff securely rides:  
And pleas'd I am, no beaten Road to take:  
But first the way to new Discov'ries make.

Now, Sacred *Pales*, in a lofty strain,  
Sing the Rural Honours of thy Reign.



First with assiduous care, from Winter keep  
Well fodder'd in the Stalls, thy tender Sheep.  
Then spread with Straw, the bedding of thy fold;  
With Fern beneath, to send the bitter cold.

That free from Gouts thou may'st preserve thy  
Care:

And clear from Scabs, produc'd by freezing Air.  
Next let thy Goats officiously be nurs'd;  
And led to living Streams; to quench their thirst.  
Feed 'em with Winter-brouze, and for their lare  
A Cot that opens to the South prepare:

Where basking in the Sun-shine they may lye,  
And the short Remnants of his heat enjoy.

This during Winter's drizly Reign be done:

Till the new Ram receives th' exalted Sun:

For hairy Goats of equal profit are

With woolly Sheep, and ask an equal care.

Tis true, the Fleece, when drunk with *Tyrian*  
Juice,

Is dearly sold; but not for needful use:

For the fallacious Goat encreases more;

And twice as largely yields her milky store.

The still distended Udders never fail;

But when they seem exhausted, swell the Pail.

Mean time the Pastor shears their hoary Beards;

And eases of their Hair, the loaden Herds.

Their Camelots warm in Tents, the Souldier hold;

And shield the wretched Mariner from cold.

On Shrubs they brouze, and on the bleaky top  
Of barren Hills, the thorny Bramble crop.

Attended with their Family they come

At Night unask'd, and mindful of their home;

And scarce their swelling Bags the threshold  
overcome.

So much the more thy diligence bestow  
In depth of Winter, to defend the Snow.  
By how much less the tender helpless Kind,  
For their own ills, can fit Provision find.  
Then minister the browze, with bounteous hand;  
And open let thy Stacks all Winter stand.  
But when the Western Winds with vital pow'r  
Call forth the tender Grass, and budding Flower;  
Then, at the last, produce in open Air  
Both Flocks; and send 'em to their Summer fare,  
Before the Sun, while *Hesperus* appears;  
First let 'em sip from Herbs the pearly tears  
Of Morning Dews: And after break their Fast  
On Green-sword Ground; (a cool and grateful tast:)  
But when the day's fourth hour has drawn the  
Dews,  
And the Sun's sultry heat their thirst renews;

When the shrill Grasshoppers on Shrubs complain,  
Then lead 'em to their wat'ring Troughs again:  
In Summer's heat, some bending Valley find,  
Clos'd from the Sun, but open to the Wind:  
Or seek some ancient Oak, whose Arms extend  
In ample breadth, thy Cattle to defend:  
Or solitary Grove, or gloomy Glade:  
To shield 'em with its venerable Shade.  
Once more to wat'ring lead; and feed again  
When the low Sun is sinking in the Main.  
When rising *Cynthia* sheds her silver Dews;  
And the cool Evening-breeze the Meads renews:  
When Linnets fill the Woods with tuneful sound,  
And hollow shoars the *Halcyons* Voice rebound.  
Why shou'd my Muse enlarge on *Lybian* Swains;  
Their scatter'd Cottages, and ample Plains?

Where

Where oft the Flocks, without a Leader stray ;  
 Or through continu'd Desarts take their way ;  
 And, feeding, add the length of night to day. }  
 Whole Months they wander, grazing as they go ;  
 Nor Folds, nor hospitable Harbour know.  
 Such an extent of Plains, so vast a space  
 Of Wilds unknown, and of untasted Grass  
 Allures their Eyes : The Shepherd last appears,  
 And with him all his Patrimony bears ;  
 His House and household Gods ! his trade of War,  
 His Bow and Quiver ; and his trusty Cur,  
 Thus, under heavy Arms, the Youth of Rome  
 Their long laborious Marches overcome ;  
 Chearly their tedious Travels undergo :  
 And pitch their sudden Camp before the Foe.

Not so the *Scythian* Shepherd tends his Fold ;  
 Nor he who bears in *Thrace* the bitter cold :



Nor he, who treads the bleak *Meotian* Strand ;  
Or where proud *Ister* rousls his yellow Sand.  
Early they stall their Flocks and Herds ; for there  
No Grafs the Fields, no Leaves the Forests wear.  
The frozen Earth, lies buried there, below  
A hilly heap, seven Cubits deep in Snow :  
And all the *Western* Sons of stormy *Boreas* blow.

The Sun from far, peeps with a sickly face ;  
Too weak the Clouds, and mighty Fogs to chase  
When up the Skies, he shoots his rosie Head ;  
Or in the ruddy Ocean seeks his Bed.  
Swift Rivers, are with sudden Ice constrain'd ;  
And studded Wheels are on its back sustain'd.  
An Hoftry now for Waggon ; which before  
Tall Ships of burthen, on its Bosom bore.  
The brazen Cauldrons, with the Frost are flaw'd ;  
The Garment, stiff with Ice, at Hearths is thaw'd.

With

With Axes first they cleave the Wine, and thence  
By weight, the solid portions they dispence.

From Locks uncomb'd, and from the frozen Beard,  
Long Icicles depend ; and crackling sounds are  
heard.

Mean time perpetual Sleet, and driving Snow,  
Obscure the Skies, and hang on Herds below.

The starving Cattle perish in their stalls ;  
Huge Oxen stand enclos'd in wintry walls  
Of Snow congeal'd ; whole Herds are bury'd  
there

Of mighty Stags, and scarce their Horns appear.  
The dextrous Huntsman wounds not these afar,  
With Shafts or Darts ; or makes a distant War,  
With Dogs ; or pitches Toys to stop their flight ;  
But close engages in unequal fight.

And while they strive in vain to make their way  
Through hills of Snow, and pitifully bray ;

Assaults with dint of Sword, or pointed Spears,  
 And homeward, on his back, the joyful burthen  
 The Men to subterranean Caves retire ; (bears,

Secure from cold ; and crowd the chearful fire :  
 With Trunks of Elms and Oaks, the Hearth they  
 load,

Nor tempt th' inclemency of Heav'n abroad.  
 Their joyial Nights, in frolicks and in play  
 They pass, to drive the tedious Hours away.  
 And their cold Stomachs with crown'd Goblets  
 Of windy Cyder, and of barmy Beer. (cheer,

Such are the cold *Ryphaean* Race ; and such  
 The savage *Scythian*, and unwarlick *Dutch*.  
 Where Skins of Beasts, the rude *Barbarians* wear ;  
 The spoils of Foxes, and the furry Bear.

Is wool thy care ? Let not thy Cattle go  
 Where Bushes are, where Burs and Thistles grow ;  
 Nor

Nor in too rank a pasture let 'em feed :  
Then of the purest white select thy Breed.  
Ev'n though a snowy Ram thou shalt behold,  
Prefer him not in haste, for Husband to thy Fold.  
But search his Mouth ; and if a swarthy Tongue  
Is underneath his humid Pallat hung ;  
Reject him, lest he darken all the Flock ;  
And substitute another from thy Stock.  
Twas thus with Fleeces milky white (if we  
May trust report,) *Pan* God of *Arcady*  
Did bribe thee *Cynthia* ; nor didst thou disdain  
When call'd in woody shades, to cure a Lover's  
pain.

If Milk be thy design, with plenteous hand  
Bring Clover-Grafs ; and from the marshy Land  
Salt Herbage for the fodd'ring Rack provide ;  
To fill their Bags, and swell the milky Tide :

These

These raise their Thirst, and to the Taste restore  
The favour of the Salt, on which they fed before.

Some, when the Kids their Dams too deeply  
drain,

With gags and muzzles their soft mouths restrain.  
Their Morning Milk, the *Peasants* press at Night:  
Their Evening Meal, before the rising Light  
To Market bear, or sparingly they steep  
With seas'ning Salt, and stor'd, for Winter keep.

Nor last, forget thy faithful Dogs: but feed  
With fatning Whey the Mastiff's Generous  
breed:

And *Spartan* Race; who for the Folds relief  
Will prosecute with Cries the Nightly Thief:  
Repulse the prouling Woolf, and hold at Bay,  
The Mountain Robbers, rushing to the Prey.

With



With cries of Hounds, thou may'st pursue the fear  
Of flying Hares, and chace the fallow Deer ;  
Rouze from their desert Dens, the brist'd rage  
Of Boars, and beamy Stags in toyls engage.

With smoak of burning Cedar scent thy walls :  
And fume with stinking *Galbanum* thy Stalls :  
With that rank Odour from thy dwelling place  
To drive the Viper's brood, and all the venom'd  
Race.

For often under Stalls unmov'd, they lye,  
Obscure in shades, and shunning Heav'ns broad  
Eye.

And Snakes, familiar, to the Hearth succeed,  
Disclose their Eggs, and near the Chimny breed.  
Whether, to Roofy Houses they repair,  
Or Sun themselves abroad in open Air,

In all abodes of peffilential Kind,  
To Sheep and Oxen, and the fweating Hind.  
Take, Shepherd take, a plant of ftubborn Oak;  
And labour him with many a fturdy ftroke :  
Or with hard Stones, demolifh from a far  
His haughty Crest, the feat of all the War.  
Invade his hissing Throat, and winding fpires;  
Till ftretcht in length, th' unfolded Foe retires.  
He drags his Tail ; and for his Head provides :  
And in fome fecret cranny slowly glides ;  
But leaves expos'd to blows, his back and bat-  
ter'd fides.

In fair *Calabria's* woods, a Snake is bred,  
With curling Crest, and with advancing Head :  
Waving he rolls, and makes a winding track ;  
His Belly spotted, burnisht is his back :

While Springs are broken, while the *Southern* Air  
And dropping Heav'ns, the moysten'd Earth  
repair,

He lives on standing Lakes, and trembling Bogs,  
And fills his Maw with Fish, or with loquacious  
Frogs.

But when, in muddy Pools, the water sinks;  
And the chapt Earth is furrow'd o're with  
chinks;

He leaves the Fens, and leaps upon the ground;  
And hissing, rowls his glaring Eyes around.

With Thirst inflam'd, impatient of the heats,  
He rages in the Fields, and wide destruction  
threats.

Oh let not Sleep, my closing Eyes invade,  
In open Plains, or in the secret Shade,  
When he, renew'd in all the speckl'd pride  
Of pompous Youth, has cast his slough aside:

And

And in his Summer Liv'ry rowls along :  
Erect, and brandishing his forky Tongue,  
Leaving his Nest, and his imperfect Young ;  
And thoughtless of his Eggs, forgets to rear  
The hopes of Poyson, for the following Year.

The Causes and the Signs shall next be told,  
Of ev'ry Sicknefs that infects the Fold.  
A scabby Tetters on their pelts will stick,  
When the raw Rain, has pierc'd 'em to the  
quick :  
Or searhing Frosts, have eaten through the skin,  
Or burning Icicles are lodg'd within :  
Or when the Fleece is shorn, if sweat remains  
Unwash'd, and soaks into their empty veins :  
When their defenseless Limbs, the Brambles tear,  
Short of their Wool, and naked from the Sheer.

Good Shepherds after sheering, drench their

Sheep,

And their Flocks Father (forc'd from high to leap)

Swims down the stream, and plunges in the deep.

They point their naked Limbs, with mother'd

Oyl;

Or from the founts, where living Sulphurs boyl,

They mix a Med'cine to foment their Limbs;

With Scum, that on the molten Silver swims.

Fat Pitch, and black Bitumen, add to these;

Besides the waxen labour of the Bees;

And *Hellbore*, and *Squills* deep rooted in the

Seas.

Receits abound; but searching all thy Store,

The best is still at hand, to launch the Sore:

And cut the Head; for till the Core be found,

The secret Vice is fed, and gathers ground.

While



While making *fruitless moan*, the *Shepherd* stands,  
And when the *launching Knife* requires his hands,  
Vain help, with idle Prayers from Heav'n de-  
mands.

Deep in their Bones, when Feavers fix their seat,  
And rack their Limbs; and lick the vital heat;  
The ready Cure to cool the raging pain,  
Is underneath the Foot to breathe a Vein.  
This Remedy the *Scythian* Shepherds found;  
Th' Inhabitants of *Thracia's* hilly ground  
And *Gelons* use it; when for Drink and Food  
They mix their cruddl'd Milk with Horses Blood.

But where thou seest a single Sheep remain  
In shades aloof, or couch'd upon the Plain;  
Or listlessly to crop the tender Grass;  
Or late to lag behind, with truant pace;

Revenge the Crime; and take the Traytor's head,  
E're in the faultless Flock the dire Contagion  
(spread,

On Winter Seas we fewer Storms behold,  
Than foul Diseases that infect the Fold.

Nor do those Ills, on single Bodies prey;

But oft'ner bring the Nation to decay;

And sweep the present Stock, and future  
(Hope away.

A Dire Example of this Truth appears;

When, after such a Length of rowling Years,

We see the Naked *Alps*, and Thin Remains

Of scatter'd Cott's, and yet Unpeopl'd Plains:

Once fill'd with Grazing Flocks, the Shepherds  
(Happy Reigns.

Here from the vicious Air, and sickly Skies,

Plague did on the dumb Creation rise:

E

During

During th' Autumnal Heats, th' Infestation grew,  
Tame Cattle, and the Beasts of Nature flew.

Poys'ning the Standing Lakes ; and Pools Impure,

Nor was the foodful Grass in Fields secure.

Strange Death ! For when the thirsty Fire had  
drunk

Their vital Blood, and the dry Nerves, were shrunk;

When the contracted Limbs were cramp'd, ev'n  
then.

A watrish Humour swell'd and ooz'd again :

Converting into Bane the kindly Juice,

Ordain'd by Nature for a better use.

The Victim Ox, that was for Altars prest, (dress,

Trim'd with white Ribbons, and with Garlands

Sunk of himself, without the Gods Command :

Preventing the slow Sacrificer's Hand.

Or, by the holy Butcher, if he fell,

Th' Inspected Entrails, cou'd no Fates Foretel.

Nor,

Nor, laid on Altars, did pure Flames arise ;  
But Clouds of smouldring Smoke, forbad the Sa-  
crifice.

scarcely the Knife was redden'd with his Gore,  
Or the Black Poyson stain'd the sandy floor.  
The thriven Calves in Meads their Food forsake  
And render their sweet Souls before the plen-  
teous Rack.

The fawning Dog runs mad ; the wheafing Swine  
With Coughs is choak'd ; and labours from the  
Chine :

The Victor Horfe, forgetful of his Food,  
The Palm renounces, and abhors the Flood.  
He paws the Ground, and on his hanging ears  
A doubtful Sweat in clammy drops appears :  
Arch'd is his Hide, and rugged are his Hairs.  
Such are the Symptoms of the young Disease ;  
But in Time's process, when his pains encrease,

He rous his mournful Eyes, he deeply groans  
With patient sobbing, and with manly Moans.  
He heaves for Breath: which, from his Lungs  
supply'd,  
And fetch'd from far, distends his lab'ring side.  
To his rough Palat, his dry Tongue succeeds;  
And roapy Gore, he from his Nostrils bleeds.  
A Drench of Wine has with success been us'd;  
And through a Horn, the generous Juice infus'd:  
Which timely taken op'd his closing Jaws;  
But, if too late, the Patient's death did cause.  
For the too vig'rous Dose, too fiercely wrought;  
And added Fury to the Strength it brought.  
Recruited into Rage, he grinds his Teeth  
In his own Flesh, and feeds approaching Death.  
Ye Gods, to better Fate, good Men dispose;  
And turn that Impious Errour on our Foes!



The Steer, who to the Yoke was bred to bow,  
 (Studious of Tillage ; and the crooked Plough)  
 Falls down and dies ; and dying spews a Flood  
 Of foamy Madness, mix'd with clotted Blood.  
 The Clown, who cursing Providence repines,  
 His Mournful Fellow from the Team disjoyns :  
 With many a groan, forsakes his fruitless care ;  
 And in th' unfinish'd Furrow, leaves the Share.  
 The pineing Steer, no Shades of lofty Woods,  
 Nor floury Meads can ease ; nor Crystal floods  
 Roul'd from the Rock : His flabby Flanks decrease ;  
 His Eyes are settled in a stupid peace.  
 His bulk too weighty for his Thighs is grown ;  
 And his unweildy Neck, hangs drooping down.  
 Now what avails his well-deserving Toyl  
 To turn the Glebe ; or smooth the rugged Soyl !

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The Palm renounces, and abhors the Flood,  
He paws the Ground, and on his hanging ears  
A doubtful Sweat in clammy drops appears :  
Parch'd is his Hide, and rugged are his Hairs.  
Such are the Symptoms of the young Disease ;  
But in Time's process, when his pains encrease,

And yet he never supt in solemn State,  
Nor undigested Feasts did urge his Fate ;  
Nor Day, to Night, luxuriously did joyn ;  
Nor surfeited on rich *Campanian* Wine.  
Simple his Beverage ; homely was his Food,  
The wholesom Herbage, and the running Flood ;  
No dreadful Dreams awak'd him with affright ;  
His Pains by Day, secur'd his Rest by Night.

'Twas then that *Buffolo's* ill pair'd, were seen  
To draw the Carr of *Jove's* Imperial Queen  
For want of Oxen ; and the lab'ring Swain  
Scratch'd with a Rake, a Furrow for his Grain :  
And cover'd with his hand, the shallow Seed  
again.

He Yokes himself, and up the Hilly height,  
With his own Shoulders, draws the Waggon's  
weight.

The nightly Woolf, that round th' Enclosure  
proul'd

To leap the Fence; now plots not on the Fold.

Tam'd with a sharper Pain. The fearful Doe

And flying Stag, amidst the Grey-Hounds go:

And round the Dwellings roam of Man, their  
fiercer Foe.

The scaly Nations of the Sea profound,

Like Shipwreck'd Carcasses are driv'n aground:

And mighty Sea-Calves, never seen before

In shallow Streams, are stranded on the shore.

The Viper dead, within her Hole is found:

Defenceless was the shelter of the ground.

The water-Snake, whom Fish and Paddocks fed,

With staring Scales lies poyson'd in his Bed:



To Birds their Native Heav'ns contagious prove,  
From Clouds they fall, and leave their Souls a-  
bove.

Besides, to change their Pasture 'tis in vain:  
Or trust to Physick; Physick is their Bane.  
The Learned Leaches in despair depart:  
And shake their Heads, desponding of their Art.

*Tisiphone*, let loose from under ground,  
Majestically pale, now treads the round:  
Before her drives Diseases, and affright;  
And every moment rises to the fight:  
Aspiring to the Skies; encroaching on the light.  
The Rivers and their Banks, and Hills around,  
With lowings, and with dying bleats resound.  
At length, she strikes an Universal blow;  
To Death at once, whole Herds of Cattle go:

Sheep,

Sheep, Oxen, Horses fall ; and, heap'd on high ;  
 The diff'ring Species in Confusion lie,  
 Till warn'd by frequent ills, the way they found,  
 To lodge their loathsom Carrion, underground.  
 For, uselefs to the Currier were their Hides :  
 Nor cou'd their tainted Flesh, with Ocean Tides  
 Be freed from filth ; nor cou'd *Vulcanian* flame  
 The Stench abolish ; or the Savour tame.  
 Nor safely cou'd they shear their fleecy store ;  
 (Made drunk with poysonous juice, and stiff with  
   gore :)  
 Or touch the Web : But if the Vest they wear,  
 Red Blisters rising on their Paps appear :  
 And flaming Carbuncles ; and noisom Sweat,  
 And clammy Dews, that loathsom Lice beget ;  
 Till the slow creeping Evil eats his way,  
 Consumes the parching Limbs ; and makes the  
   Life his prey,

A  
TRANSLATION

OF ALL

*Virgil's* 4th Georgick,  
EXCEPT THE  
Story of *ARISTEUS*.

By Mr. JO. ADDISON, of MAGDALEN  
Colledge OXON.

**E** Thereal fweets shall next my Muse engage,  
And this, *Mecænas*, claims your Patronage.  
Of little Creatures wondrous Acts I treat,  
The Ranks, and mighty Leaders of their State,  
Their Laws, Employments, and their Wars relate.

A trifling Theam provokes my Humble Lays,  
Trifling the Theam, not so the Poet's Praise:  
If Great *Apollo*, and the Tuneful Nine  
Join in the Piece, to make the Work Divine.

First, for your Bees a proper Station find,  
That's fenc'd about, and shelter'd from the Wind;  
For Winds divert 'em in their Flight, and drive  
The Swarms, when loaden homeward, from their  
Hive.

Nor Sheep, nor Goats, must pasture near their Stores,  
To trample under foot the springing Flowers;  
Nor frisking Heifers bound about the place,  
To spurn the Dew-drops off, and bruise the rising  
Grass:

Nor must the *Lizzards* painted Brood appear,  
Nor *Wood-pecks*, nor the *Swallow* harbour near.

These

These waste the Swarms, and as they flye along  
Convey the tender Morsels to their Young.

Let purling Streams, and Fountains edg'd with Moss  
And shallow Rills run trickling through the Grass  
Let Branching Olives o'er the Fountain grow,  
Or Palms shoot up, and shade the Streams below,  
That when the Youth, led by their Princes, shun  
The Crowded Hive, and sport it in the Sun,  
Refreshing Springs may tempt 'em from the Heat,  
And shady Coverts yield a Cool Retreat,

Whether the Neighbouring Water stands or  
Runs,  
Lay Twigs across, and Bridge it o're with Stones;  
That if rough Storms, or sudden Blasts of Wind  
Shou'd Dip, or scatter those that lag behind,

Here



Here they may fettle on the Friendly Stone,  
 And Dry their reeking Pinions at the Sun.  
 Plant all the flowry Banks with *Lavender*,  
 With store of *Sav'ry* scent the fragrant Air,  
 Let running *Betony* the Field o'respread,  
 And Fountains soak the *Violets* Dewy Bed.

Tho Barks, or plaited *Willows* make your Hive,  
 A narrow Inlet to their Cells Contrive ;  
 For Colds congele and freeze the Liquors up,  
 And, melted down with Heat, the Waxen Build-  
 ings drop.

The Bees, of both Extreame alike afraid,  
 Their Wax around the whistling Crannys spread,  
 And suck out clammy Dews from Herbs and  
 Flow'rs,

To Smear the Chinks, and Plaister up the Pores,

For this they hoard up Glew, whose clinging drops,  
 Like Pitch, or Birdlime, hang in stringy Ropes.  
 They oft, 'tis said, in dark Retirements dwell,  
 And work in subterraneous Caves their Cell;  
 At other times th' Industrious Insects live  
 In hollow Rocks, or make a Tree their Hive.

Point all their chinky Lodgings round with  
 Mud,

And leaves must thinly on your Work be strow'd;  
 But let no baleful Eugh-Tree flourish near,  
 Nor rotten Marshes send out steams of Mire;  
 Nor burning Crabs grow red, and crackle in  
 the Fire.

Nor Neighb'ring Caves return the dying sound,  
 Nor Ecchoing Rocks the doubl'd voice rebound,  
 Things thus prepar'd—

When

When th' under-World is seiz'd with Cold, and  
 Night,  
 And Summer here descends in streams of Light,  
 The Bees thro' Woods and Forrests take their flight.  
 They rille ev'ry Flow'r, and lightly skim  
 The Chrystal Brook, and sip the running stream;  
 And thus they feed their Young with strange de-  
 light,  
 And knead the yielding Wax, and work the slimy  
 sweet.

But when on high, you see the Bees repair,  
 Born on the Winds thro' distant tracts of Air,  
 And view the winged Cloud all blackning from  
 afar;

While shady Coverts, and fresh Streams they  
 chuse,  
 Silfoil and common Honey-suckles bruise,  
 And sprinkle on their Hives the fragrant juice.

On

On Brazen Vessels beat a tinckling sound,  
And shake the Cymbals of the Goddess round;  
Then all will hastily retreat, and fill  
The warm resounding Hollow of their Cell.

If e're two Rival Kings their Right debate,  
And Factions and Cabals embroil the State,  
The Peoples Actions will their Thoughts declare;  
All their Hearts tremble, and beat thick with  
War;

Hoarse broken sounds, like Trumpets harsh Al-  
larms,

Run through the Hive, and call 'em to their Arms;  
All in a hurry spread their shiv'ring Wings,  
And fit their Claws, and point their angry Stings:  
In Crowds before the King's Pavilion meet,  
And boldly challenge out the Foe to fight :

At last, when all the Heav'ns are warm and fair,  
They rush together out, and join; the Air (War.  
Swarms thick, and Eccho's with the Humming

All in a firm round Cluster mix, and strow  
With Heaps of little Corps, the Earth below;  
As thick as Hail-stones from the Floor rebound,  
Or shaken Acorns rattle on the ground.

No fence of Danger can their Kings Controul,  
Their little Bodies lodge a mighty Soul:  
Each obstinate in Arms, pursues his Blow,  
Till shameful Flight secures the routed Foe.  
This hot Dispute, and all this mighty Fray,  
A little Dust flung upward will allay.

But when both Kings are settl'd in their Hive,  
Mark him who looks the worst, and lest he live  
Idle at home in Ease and Luxury,  
The Lazy Monarch must be Doom'd to Die;



So let the Royal Insect rule alone,  
And Reign without a Rival in his Throne.

• The Kings are different; one of better Note,  
All spect with Gold, and many a shining Spot,  
Looks Gay, and Glistens in a Gilded Coat;  
But love of Ease, and Sloth in One prevails,  
That scarce his Hanging Paunch behind him  
trails:

The Peoples Looks are different as their King's,  
Some Sparkle Bright, and Glitter in their Wings;  
Others look Loathsom and diseas'd with Sloth,  
Like a faint Traveller whose dusty mouth  
Grows dry with Heat, and spits a maukish Froth.

The first are Best——

From their o'reflowing Combs, you'll often press  
Pure luscious Sweets, that mingling in the Glass,  
Correct the Harshness of the Racy Juice,  
And a rich Flavour through the Wine diffuse.

But

But when they *sport* abroad, and *rove* from home,  
And leave the cooling Hive, and quit th'unfinish'd

Comb;

Their Airy Ramblings are with ease confin'd,  
Clip their King's Wings, and if They stay behind,  
No bold Usurper dares Invade their Right,  
Nor sound a March, nor give the Sign for Flight,

Let flow'ry Banks entice 'em to their Cells,  
And Gardens all Perfum'd with Native Smells;  
Where Carv'd *Priapus* has his fix'd abode,

The Robber's Terrour, and the Scare-crow God.  
Wild *Tyme* and *Pine-Trees* from their Barren Hill  
Transplant, and nurse 'em in the Neighbouring

Soil,

Set Fruit-Trees round, nor e're indulge thy Sloth,  
But Water 'em, and urge their shady Growth.

And here, perhaps, were not I giving o're,  
And striking Sail, and making to the Shore,  
I'de shew what Art the Gard'ners Toils require  
Why Rofy *Pastum* Blushes twice a year ;  
What Streams the verdant *Succory* supply,  
And how the Thirsty Plant drinks Rivers dry ;  
What with a chearful Green does *Parsley* grace,  
And writhes the bellying *Cucumber* along the twist-  
ed Grass ;

Nor wou'd I pass the soft *Acanthus* o're,  
*Ivy* nor *Myrtle*-Trees that love the Shore ;  
Nor *Daffadils*, that late from Earth's flow Womb  
Unrumple their swoln Buds, and shew their yel-  
(low Bloom

For once I saw in the *Tarentine* Vale,  
Where flow *Galesus* drencht the washy Soil,

An old *Corician* Yeoman, who had got  
 A few neglected Acres to his Lot,  
 Where neither Corn nor Pasture grac'd the Field,  
 Nor wou'd the Vine her Purple Harvest yield;  
 But fav'ry Herbs among the Thorns were found,  
*Vervain* and *Poppy-flowers* his Garden crown'd,  
 And drooping *Lillies* whiten'd all the ground. }  
 Blest with these Riches he cou'd Empires slight,  
 And when he rested from his Toils at Night,  
 The Earth unpurchast Dainties wou'd afford,  
 And his own Garden furnish out his Board:  
 The Spring did first his op'ning Roses blow,  
 First ripening Autumn bent his fruitful Bough.  
 When piercing Colds had burst the brittle Stone,  
 And freezing Rivers stiffen'd as they run,  
 He then wou'd prune the tender'st of his Trees,  
 Chide the late Spring, and lingring Western  
 breeze:

His Bees first swarm'd, and made his Vessels foam  
With the rich squeezings of the juicy Comb.  
Here *Lindons* and the sappy *Pine* increas't ;  
Here, when gay Flow'rs his smiling Orchard dress'd  
As many Blossoms as the Spring cou'd show,  
So many dangling Apples mellow'd on the Bough  
In Rows his Elms and knotty Pear-trees bloom,  
And Thorns ennobled now to bear a Plumb.  
And spreading Plane-trees, where supinely laid  
He now enjoys the Cool, and quaffs beneath the  
Shade.

But these for want of room I must omit,  
And leave for future Poets to recite.

Now I'll proceed their Natures to declare,  
Which *Jove* himself did on the Bees confer;

Because



Because, invited by the Timbrel's found,  
Lodg'd in a Cave th' Almighty Babe they found,  
And the young God nurs'd kindly under ground.

Of all the wing'd Inhabitants of Air,  
These only make their young the Publick Care;  
In well dispos'd Societies they Live,  
And Laws, and Statutes regulate their Hive;  
Nor stray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,  
But know set Stations, and a fix'd Abode:  
Each provident of Cold, in Summer flies  
Through Fields, and Woods, to seek for new  
Supplies,  
And in the common Stock unloads his Thighs.  
Some watch the Food, some in the Meadows ply,  
Taste ev'ry Bud, and suck each Blossom dry;

Whilst others, lab'ring in their Cells at home,  
 Temper *Narcissus's* clammy Tears with Gum,  
 For the first Ground-work of the Golden Comb;  
 On this they found their Waxed Works, and raise  
 The Yellow Fabrick on its Glewy Base.  
 Some Educate the Young, or hatch the Seed  
 With vital warmth, and future Nations breed;  
 Whilst others thicken all the slimy Dews,  
 And into purest Honey Work the Juice;  
 Then fill the Hollows of the Comb, and swell  
 With luscious *Nectar*, ev'ry flowing Cell.  
 By turns they Watch, by turns with curious Eyes  
 Survey the Heav'ns, and search the clouded Skies  
 To find out breeding Storms, and tell what Tem-  
     pests rise.  
 By turns they ease the loaden Swarms, or drive  
 The Drone, a Lazy Insect, from their Hive.

The Work is warmly ply'd through all the Cells,  
And strong with *Time* the new-made Honey  
(smells.

So in their Caves the brawny *Cyclops* sweat,  
When with huge strokes the stubborn Wedge  
they beat,

And All th' unshapen Thunder-Bolt compleat ;  
Alternately their Hammers rise and fall ;  
Whilst Griping Tongs turn round the Glow-  
ing Ball ;

With puffing Bellows some the Flames increase,  
And some in Waters dip the hissing Mass ;  
Their beaten Anvils dreadfully resound,  
And *Aetna* shakes all o're, and Thunders under  
(Ground.

Thus, if great Things we may with small com-  
pare,

The busie Swarms their diff'rent Labours share.

Desire

Desire of Profit urges all Degrees ;  
The Aged Insects, by experience Wise,  
Attend the Comb, and fashion ev'ry part,  
And Shape the Waxen Fret-work out with Art:  
The young at Night, returning from their Toils,  
Bring home their Thighs clog'd with the Mea-  
dows Spoils.

On *Lavender*, and *Saffron* Buds they feed,  
On Bending *Osiers*, and the Balmy *Reed*,  
From purple *Violets* and the *Teile*, they bring  
Their gather'd Sweets, and Rifle all the Spring.

All Work together, all together Rest,  
The Morning still renews their Labours past ;  
Then all rush out, their diff'rent Tasks pursue,  
Sit on the Bloom, and suck the ripening Dew ;

Again

Again when Ev'ning warns 'em to their Home,  
With *wear*y *Wings*, and *heavy Thighs* they come,  
And crowd about the Chink, and mix a Drow-  
sie Humm.

Into their Cells at length they gently creep,  
There all the Night their peaceful Station keep,  
Wrapt up in Silence, and Dissolv'd in Sleep.

None range abroad when Winds or Storms are  
nigh,

Nor trust their Bodies to a faithless Sky,  
But make small journeys, with a careful Wing,  
And Fly to Water at a neighb'ring Spring ;  
And lest their Airy Bodys shou'd be cast  
In restless Whirls, the sport of ev'ry Blast,  
They carry Stones to Poise 'em in their Flight,  
As Ballast keeps th' unsteady Vessel right.

But



But of all Customs that the Bees can boast,  
'Tis this may challenge Admiration most;  
That none will *Hymen's* softer Joys approve,  
Nor waste their Spirits in Luxurious Love,  
But All a long Virginity maintain,  
And bring forth Young without a Mother's Pain:  
From Herbs and Flow'rs they pick each tender  
And cull from Plants a Buzzing Progeny; (Bee,  
From these they chuse out Subjects, and Create  
A little Monarch of the Rising State;  
Then Build Wax-Kingdoms for the Infant Prince,  
And form a Palace for his Residence.

But often in their Journeys, as they flye,  
On Flints they tear their silken Wings, or lye }  
Gro'ling beneath their flowry Load, and dye. }

Thus

Thus love of Honey can an Insect fire,  
And in a Fly such gen'rous Thoughts inspire.  
Yet by re-peopling their Decaying State,  
Tho' sev'n short Springs conclude their vital date,  
Their Ancient Stocks Eternally remain,  
And, in an Endless Race, the Childrens Children  
Reign.

No Prostrate Vassal of the East can more  
With slavish Fear his haughty Prince adore;  
His life unites 'em all, but when He dies,  
All in loud Tumults and Distractions rise;  
They waste their Honey, and their Combs deface,  
And wild Confusion reigns in every place.  
Him all admire, all the Great Guardian own,  
And crowd about his Courts, and buz about his  
Throne.

Oft on their backs their weary Prince they bear,  
Oft in his Cause Embattl'd in the Air,  
Pursue a Glorious Death, in Wounds and War.

“Some from such Instances as these have taught  
“The Bees Extract is Heav'nly; for they thought  
“The Universe alive; and that a Soul  
“Diffus'd throughout the Matter of the whole,  
“To all the vast unbounded Frame was giv'n,  
“And ran through Earth, and Air, and Sea, and  
all the Deep of Heav'n;  
“That This first kindled Life in Man and Beast,  
“Life that agen flows into This at last;  
“That no compounded Animal cou'd die,  
“But when dissolv'd, the Spirit mounted high,  
“Dwelt in a Star, and settl'd in the Skye.

When-ere their balmy Sweets you mean to seize,  
And take the liquid Labours of the Bees,

spirt Draughts of Water from your Mouth, and  
drive

A loathsom Cloud of Smoke amidst their Hive.

Twice in the Year their Flowr'y toils begin,  
And twice they fetch their Dewy Harvest in ;  
Once when the lovely *Pleiades* arise,  
And add fresh Lustre to the Summer Skies ;  
And once when hast'ning from the Watry Sign  
They quit their Station, and forbear to Shine.

The Bees are prone to rage, and often found  
To Perish for Revenge, and die upon the Wound.  
Their venom'd Sting produces akeing Pains,  
And *swells* the Flesh, and *shoots* among the Veins.

When first a cold hard Winter's Storms arrive  
And threaten Death, or Famine to their Hive,

If

If now their sinking State and low Affairs  
Can move your Pity, and provoke your Cares,  
Fresh burning *Time* before their Cells convey,  
And cut their dry and Husky Wax away ;  
For often *Lizzards* seize the luscious Spoils,  
Or Drones that Riot on another's Toils :  
Oft Broods of *Moths* infest the hungry Swarms,  
And oft the furious *Wasp* their Hive Alarms  
With louder Humms, and with unequal Arms ;  
Or else the *Spider* at their Entrance sets  
Her Snares, and spins her Bowels into Nets.

When Sickness reigns (for they as well as we  
Feel all th' Effects of frail Mortality)  
By certain Marks the new Disease is seen,  
Their Colour changes, and their Looks are thin;  
Their Fun'ral Rites are form'd, and ev'ry Bee  
With Grief attends the sad Solemnity ;



The few Diseas'd survivors, hang before  
 Their sickly Cells, and droop about the door,  
 Or slowly in their Hives their Limbs unfold,  
 Shrank up with Hunger, and benum'd with Cold;  
 In drawling hums, the feeble Insects grieve,  
 And doleful buzzes ecchoe through the Hive,  
 Like Winds that softly murmur thro' the Trees,  
 Like Flames pent up, or like retiring Seas.

Now lay fresh Honey near their empty Rooms,  
 In Troughs of hollow Reeds, whilst frying  
 Gums

Cast round a fragrant Mist of spicy Fumes.

Thus kindly tempt the famisht Swarm to eat,  
 And gently reconcile 'em to their Meat.

Mix Juice of Galls, and Wine, that grow in time  
 Condens'd by Fire, and thicken to a Slime;

To these dry'd *Roses*, *Tyme* and *Centry* join,

And *Raisins* ripn'd on the *Psythian* Vine.

Besides there grows a Flow'r in Marshy Ground,  
Its Name *Amellus*, easie to be found ;  
A mighty Spring works in its Root, and cleaves  
The sprouting Stalk, and shews it self in Leaves:  
The Flow'r it self is of a Golden hue,  
The Leaves inclining to a darker Blue ;  
The Leaves shoot thick about the Flow'r, and  
Into a Bush, and shade the Turf below ; (grow  
The Plant in holy Garlands often twines  
The Altars Posts, and beautifies the Shrines ;  
Its Taste is sharp, in Vales new-shorn it grows,  
Where *Mella's* Stream in watry Mazes flows.  
Take plenty of its Roots, and boil 'em well  
In Wine, and heap 'em up before the Cell.

But if the whole Stock fail, and none survive  
To raise new People, and recruit the Hive ;

ple here the great Experiment declare,  
That spread th' *Arcadian* Shepherd's Name so far,  
How Bees from Blood of slaughter'd Bulls have  
fled,

And Swarms amidst the Red Corruption bred.

For where th' *Egyptians* yearly see their bounds  
Refresh'd with floods, and sail about their grounds,  
Where *Persia* borders, and the rolling *Nile*  
Drives swiftly down the swarthy *Indians* soil,  
Till into sev'n it multiplies its Stream,  
And fattens *Egypt* with a fruitful Slime.

In this last Practice all their Hope remains,  
And long Experience justifies their Pains.

First then a close contracted space of Ground,  
With streightn'd Walls and low-built Roof they  
bound ;

A narrow shelying Light is next assign'd  
To all the Quarters, one to every Wind;  
Through these the glancing Rays obliquely pierce  
Hither they lead a Bull that's young and fierce,  
When *two-years growth* of Horn he proudly shows  
And shakes the comely terrours of his Brows:  
His Nose and Mouth, the Avenues of Breath,  
They muzzle up, and beat his Limbs to death;  
With violence to life, and stifling pain  
He flings and spurns, and trys to snort in vain,  
Loud heavy Mows fall thick on ev'ry side,  
Till his bruis'd Bowels burst within the Hide.  
When dead, they leave him *Rotting* on the Ground  
With Branches, *Tyme* and *Cassia* strow'd around.  
All this is done when first the Western Breeze  
Becalms the Year, and smoothes the troubl'd Seas;  
Before the Chatt'ring Swallow builds her Nest,  
Or Fields in Spring's Embroidery are drest.

Mean while the tainted Juice ferments within,  
 And Quickens as it works : And now are seen  
 A wondrous Swarm, that o're the Carcass crawls,  
 Of shapeless, rude, unfinisht Animals.  
 No Legs at first the Insects weight sustain,  
 At length it moves its new-made Limbs with pain;  
 Now strikes the Air with quiv'ring Wings, and  
 tries  
 To lift its Body up, and learns to rise ;  
 Now bending Thighs and gilded Wings it  
 wears  
 Full grown, and All the Bee at length appears ;  
 From every side the fruitful Carcass pours  
 its swarming Brood, as thick as Summer-show'rs,  
 Or flights of Arrows from the *Parthian* Bows,  
 When twanging Strings first shoot 'em on the  
 Foes.

\* \* \*

\* \* \*

G 3

Thus



Thus have I sung the Nature of the Bee;  
Whilst *Cæsar*, towring to Divinity,  
The frighted *Indians* with his Thunder aw'd,  
And claim'd their *Homage*, and Commenc't a God;  
I flourish'd all the while in Arts of Peace,  
Retir'd and shelter'd in Inglorious Ease:  
I who before the Songs of Shepherds made,  
When gay and young my Rural Lays I play'd,  
And set my *Tityrus* beneath his Shade.

---

T O

*Sir Godfrey Kneller.*

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

Once I beheld the fairest of her Kind;  
(And still the sweet Idea charms my Mind:)  
True she was dumb; for Nature gaz'd so long,  
Pleas'd with her work, that she forgot her Tongue:  
But, smiling, said, She still shall gain the Prize;  
I only have transferr'd it to her Eyes.  
Such are thy Pictures, *Kneller*. Such thy Skill,  
That Nature seems obedient to thy Will:

Comes out, and meets thy Pencil in the draught;  
Lives there, and wants but words to speak his  
thought.

At least thy Pictures look a Voice ; and we  
Imagine sounds, deceiv'd to that degree,  
We think 'tis somewhat more than just to see.

Shadows are but privations of the Light,  
Yet when we walk, they shoot before the Sight;  
With us approach, retire, arise and fall ;  
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.  
Such are thy Pieces ; imitating Life  
So near, they almost conquer'd in the strife ;  
And from their animated Canvass came,  
Demanding Souls ; and loosen'd from the Frame,

*Prometheus*, were he here, wou'd cast away  
His *Adam*, and refuse a Soul to Clay ;

And either wou'd thy Noble Work Inspire ;  
Or think it warm enough, without his Fire.

But vulgar Hands, may vulgar Likeness raise,  
This is the least Attendant on thy Praise :  
From hence the Rudiments of Art began ;  
A Coal, or Chalk, first imitated Man :  
Perhaps, the Shadow taken on a Wall,  
Gave out-lines to the rude Original :  
E're Canvass yet was strain'd : before the Grace  
Of blended Colours found their use and place :  
Or Cypress Tablets, first receiv'd a Face.

By slow degrees, the Godlike Art advanc'd ;  
As Man grew polish'd, Picture was inhanc'd ;  
Greece added posture, shade, and perspective ;  
And then the Mimick Piece began to Live.

Yet

Yet perspective was lame ; no distance true ;  
But all came forward in one common view :  
No point of Light was known, no bounds of Art ;  
When Light was there, it knew not to depart :  
But glaring on remoter Objects play'd ;  
Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.

*Rome* rais'd not Art, but barely kept alive ;  
And with Old *Greece*, unequally did strive :  
Till *Goths* and *Vandals*, a rude *Northern* Race,  
Did all the matchless Monuments deface.  
Then all the *Muses* in one ruine lye ;  
And Rhyme began t' enervate Poetry.  
Thus in a stupid Military State,  
The Pen and Pencil find an equal Fate.  
Flat Faces, such as wou'd disgrace a Skreen,  
Such as in *Bantam's* Embassy were seen,

Unrais'd,



Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight  
Of Brutal Nations, only born to Fight.

Long time the Sister Arts, in Iron sleep,  
A heavy Sabbath did supinely keep ;  
At length, in *Raphael's* Age, at once they rise ;  
Stretch all their Limbs, and open all their Eyes.

Thence rose the *Roman*, and the *Lombard* Line ;  
One colour'd best, and one did best design.  
*Raphael's* like *Homer's*, was the Nobler part ;  
But *Titian's* Painting, look'd like *Virgil's* Art.

Thy Genius gives thee both ; where true design,  
Postures unforc'd, and lively Colours joyn.  
Likeness is ever there ; but still the best,  
Like proper Thoughts in lofty Language drest.

Where

Where Light to Shades descending, plays, nor  
strives;

Dyes by degrees, and by degrees revives.

Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:

Thy Pictures think, and we Divine their Thought.

Shake-  
spear's Pi-  
cture drawn  
by Sir God-  
frey Kneller,  
and given to  
the Author.

\* *Shakespear* thy Gift, I place before my sight;

With awe, I ask his Blessing e're I write;

With Reverence look on his Majestick Face;

Proud to be less; but of his Godlike Race.

His Soul Inspires me, while thy Praise I write,

And I like *Teucer*, under *Ajax* Fight;

Bids thee through me, be bold; with dauntless breast

Contemn the bad, and Emulate the best.

Like his, thy Criticks in th' attempt are lost;

When most they rail, know then, they envy most.

In vain they snarl a-loof; a noisy Crow'd,

Like Womens Anger, impotent and loud.

While

While they their barren Industry deplore,  
 Pass on secure; and mind the Goal before:  
 Old as she is, my Muse shall march behind;  
 Bear off the blast, and intercept the wind.  
 Our Arts are Sisters; though not Twins in Birth:  
 For Hymns were sung in *Edens* happy Earth,  
 By the first Pair; while *Eve* was yet a Saint;  
 Before she fell with Pride, and learn'd to paint.  
 Forgive th' allusion; 'twas not meant to bite;  
 But Satire will have room, where e're I write.  
 For oh, the Painter Muse; though last in place,  
 Has seiz'd the Blessing first, like *Jacob's* Race.  
*Apelles* Art, an *Alexander* found;  
 And *Raphael* did with *Leo's* Gold abound;  
 But *Homer*, was with barren Lawrel Crown'd.  
 Thou hadst thy *Charles* a while, and so had I;  
 But pass we that unpleasing Image by.

Rich in thy self ; and of thy self Divine,  
All Pilgrims come and offer at thy Shrine.  
A graceful truth thy Pencil can Command ;  
The fair themselves go mended from thy hand :  
Likeness appears in every Lineament ;  
But Likeness in thy Work is Eloquent :  
Though Nature, there, her true resemblance bears,  
A nobler Beauty in thy Piece appears.  
So warm thy Work, so glows the gen'rous frame,  
Flesh looks less living in the Lovely Dame.

Thou paint'st as we describe, improving still,  
When on wild Nature we ingraft our skill :  
But not creating Beauties at our Will.

Some other Hand perhaps may reach a Face ;  
But none like thee, a finish'd Figure place :

None of this Age; for that's enough for thee,  
The first of these Inferiour Times to be;  
Not to contend with Heroes Memory.

Due Honours to those mighty Names we grant,  
But Shrubs may live beneath the lofty Plant :  
Sons may succeed their greater Parents gone ;  
Such is thy Lott ; and such I wish my own.

But Poets are confin'd in Narr'wer space ;  
To speak the Language of their Native Place :  
The Painter widely stretches his command :  
Thy Pencil speaks the Tongue of ev'ry Land.  
From hence, my Friend, all Climates are your own;  
Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.

All Nations all Immunities will give  
To make you theirs ; where e're you please to  
And not seven Cities ; but the World wou'd  
strive. Sure



Sure some propitious Planet then did Smile,  
 When first you were conducted to this Isle :  
 (Our Genius brought you here, t' inlarge our  
 Fame)

(For your good Stars are ev'ry where the same)  
 Thy matchless hand, of ev'ry Region free,  
 Adopts our Climate ; not our Climate thee.

\* He tra-  
 vel'd very  
 young into  
 Italy.

\* Great *Rome* and *Venice* early did impart  
 To thee th' Examples of their wondrous Art.  
 Those Masters then but seen, not understood,  
 With generous Emulation fir'd thy Blood :  
 For what in Nature's Dawn the Child admir'd,  
 The Youth endeavour'd, and the Man acquir'd.

That yet thou hast not reach'd their high Degree  
 Seems only wanting to this Age, not thee :

Thy

Thy Genius bounded by the Times like mine,  
Drudges on petty Draughts, nor dare design  
A more Exalted Work, and more Divine.

For what a Song, or senceless Opera  
Is to the Living Labour of a Play;  
Or, what a Play to *Virgil's* Work wou'd be,  
Such is a single Piece to History.

But we who Life bestow, our selves must live;  
Kings cannot Reign, unless their Subjects give.  
And they who pay the Taxes, bear the Rule:  
Thus thou sometimes art forc'd to draw a Fool:  
But so his Follies in thy Posture sink,  
The senceless Ideot seems at least to think.

(vain,  
Good Heav'n! that Sots and Knaves shou'd be so  
To wish their vile Resemblance may remain!

And stand recorded, at their own request,  
To future Days, a Libel or a Jeast.

Mean time, while just Incouragement you want,  
You only Paint to Live, not Live to Paint.

If e shou'd we see, your Noble Pencil trace  
Our Unities of Action, Time, and Place.  
A whole compos'd of parts; and those the best;  
With ev'ry various Character exprest.  
Heroes at large; and at a nearer view;  
Less, and at distance, an Ignobler Crew.  
While all the Figures in one Action joyn,  
As tending to Compleat the main Design.

More cannot be by Mortal Art exprest;  
But venerable Age shall add the rest.  
For Time shall with his ready Pencil stand;  
Retouch your Figures, with his ripening hand.

Mellow

Mellow your Colours, and imbrown the Teint;  
Add every Grace, which Time alone can grant:  
To future Ages shall your Fame convey;  
And give more Beauties, than he takes away.

---

H 2

PRO-

---

---

PROLOGUE  
TO THE  
QUEEN.

UPON

*Her Majesty's coming to see the Old  
Batchelour.*

---

By Mr. CONGREGUE.

---

**B**Y this repeated act of Grace, we see  
Wit is again the Care of Majesty;  
And while thus honour'd our proud Stage appears,  
We seem to rival Ancient Theatres.  
Thus flourish'd Wit in our Forefathers Age,  
And thus the *Roman* and *Athenian* Stage.

Whole



Whose Wit is best, we'll not presume to tell;  
But this we know, our Audience will excell:  
For never was in *Rome*, nor *Athens*, seen  
So Fair a Circle, and so bright a Queen.

Long has the Muses Land been over-cast,  
And many Rough and Stormy Winters past;  
Hid from the World, and thrown in Shades of  
Night,  
Of Heat depriv'd, and almost void of Light:  
While Wit, a hardy Plant, of Nature bold,  
Has struggled strongly with the killing Cold:  
So does it still through Opposition grow,  
As if its Root was warmer kept by Snow:  
But when shot forth, then draws the *Danger* near,  
On ev'ry side the gath'ring Winds appear,  
And Blasts destroy that Fruit, which Frosts  
wou'd spare.

But now, new Vigour and new Life it knows,  
And Warmth that from this Royal Presence flows.

O wou'd she shine with Rays more frequent  
here!

How Gay wou'd then, this drooping Land appear!  
Then, like the Sun, with Pleasure might she view  
The smiling Earth, cloath'd by her Beams anew.  
O're all the *Meads*, shou'd various Flow'rs be seen,  
Mix'd with the Lawrel's never-fading Green, }  
The new Creation of a Gracious Queen.

---

T O  
C Y N T H I A

*Weeping and not Speaking.*

By Mr. C O N G R E V E.

E L E G Y.

WHY are these Hours, which Heav'n in pity<sup>(lent</sup>  
To longing Love, in fruitless Sorrow spent?  
Why sighs my Fair? why does that Bosom move  
With any Passion stirr'd, but rising Love?  
Can Discontent find place within that Breast,  
On whose soft Pillows ev'n Despair might rest?  
Divide thy Woes, and give me my sad part,  
I am no stranger to an aking Heart;  
Too well I know the force of inward Grief,  
And well can bear it, to give you relief:

All Love's severest Pangs, I can endure;  
I can bear Pain, tho' hopeless of a Cure.  
I know what 'tis to Weep, and Sigh, and Pray,  
To wake all Night, yet dread the breaking Day;  
I know what 'tis to Wish, and Hope, and all in  
vain,

And meet, for Humble Love, Unkind Disdain;  
Anger, and Hate, I have been forc'd to bear,  
Nay Jealousy——and I have felt Despair.

These Pains, for you I have been forc'd to prove,  
For Cruel you, when I began to Love.

Till warm Compassion took at length my part,  
And melted to my Wish your yielding Heart.

*O the dear Hour, in which you did resign!*

*When round my Neck your willing Arms did twine,*

*And, in a Kiss, you said your Heart was mine.*

*Till' each returning Year, may that Hour be*

*Distinguish'd in the Rounds of all Eternity;*

Gay be the Sun, that Hour, in all his Light,  
 Let him collect the Day, to be more bright,  
 Shine all, that Hour, and all the rest be Night. }  
 And shall I all this Heav'n of Bliss receive  
 From you, yet not Lament to see you grieve!  
 Shall I, who nourish'd in my Breast desire,  
 When your cold Scorn, and Frowns forbid the Fire;  
 Now, when a mutual Flame you have reveal'd,  
 And the dear Union of our Souls are seal'd,  
 When all my Joys Compleat in you I find,  
 Shall I not share the Sorrows of your Mind?  
 O tell me, tell me All——whence does arise  
 This flood of Tears? whence are these frequent  
 Sighs?

Why does that lovely Head, like a fair Flow'r  
 Oppress'd with Drops of a hard-falling Show'r,  
 Bend with its weight of Grief, and seem to grow  
 Downward to Earth, and kiss the Root of Woe?

Lean



Lean on my Breast, and let me fold thee fast,  
Lock'd in these Arms think all thy Sorrows past;  
Or, what remain, think lighter made by me;  
So I shou'd think, were I so held by thee.  
Murmur thy Complaints, and gently wound my Ears  
Sigh on my Lips, and let me drink thy Tears;  
Joyn to my Cheek, thy Cold and Dewy Face,  
And let pale Grief to glowing Love give place.  
O speak——for Woe in Silence most appears;  
Speak, e're my Fancy magnifie my Fears.  
Is there a Cause, which Words cannot express!  
Can I not bear a part, nor make it less?  
I know not what to think——Am I in Fault?  
I have not, to my Knowledge, err'd in Thought,  
Nor wander'd from my Love, nor wou'd I be  
Lord of the World, to live depriv'd of thee.  
You weep a-fresh, and at that Word you start!  
Am I to be depriv'd then?——must we part!

Curse

Curse on that Word so ready to be spoke,  
For through my Lips, unmeant by me, it broke.  
Oh no, we must not, will not, cannot part,  
And my Tongue talks unprompted by my Heart.  
Yet speak, for my Distraction grows apace,  
And racking Fears, and restless Doubts increase;  
And Fears and Doubts to Jealousie will turn,  
The Hottest Hell, in which a Heart can burn.

---

*Fortuna*

*Fortuna favo Leta negotio, &c.*

OUT OF

*H O R A C E*

*By the Late Duke of Buckingham.*

**F**ortune, made up of Toys and Impudence,  
 That Common Jade, that has not Common  
 But fond of Business, insolently dares (Sense;  
 Pretend to Rule, and spoils the World's Affairs;  
 She, flutt'ring up and down, her Favours throws  
 On the next met, not minding what she does,  
 Nor why, nor whom she helps or injures, knows.  
 Sometimes she smiles, then like a Fury raves;  
 And seldom truly loves, but Fools or Knaves:

Let her love whom she please, I scorn to woo her,  
Whilst she stays with me, I'll be civil to her;  
But if she offers once to move her Wings,  
I'll fling her back all her vain Gew-gaw things;  
And, arm'd with Vertue, will more glorious stand,  
Than if the Bitch still bow'd at my Command:  
I'll marry Honesty, tho' ne're so poor,  
Rather than follow such a dull blind Whore.

---

T O M Y  
L A D Y D U R S L E Y

On Her Reading

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

B Y Mr. P R I O R.

**H**Ere reading how fond *Adam* was betray'd,  
And how by Sin *Eve's* blasted Charms de-  
cay'd;

Our common Loss unjustly you complain;  
Small is that part of it which you sustain.

You still (fair Mother) in your Offspring trace  
The Stock of Beauty destin'd for our Race:  
Kind Nature, forming them, the Features took  
From Heav'n's own Work, in *Eve's* original look.



You, happy Saint, the Serpent's pow'r control,  
Whilst scarce one actual Guilt defiles your Soul :  
And Hell does o're your Mind vain Triumphs  
boast,

Which gains a Heaven, for Earthly *Eden* lost.

With equal Vertue had frail *Eve* been arm'd,

In vain the Fruit had blush'd, the Serpent charm'd:

Our Bliss by Penitence had neer been bought;

*Adam* had never faln, or *Milton* wrote.

---

A

TO

T O

Mr. W A T S O N,

O N H I S

Ephemeris *of the* Celestial Mo-  
tions, *presented to Her Majesty.*

---

B Y Mr. T A L D E N.

---

A R T, when in full Perfection, is design'd  
To please the Eye, or to inform the Mind:  
This Nobler Piece performs the double part,  
With graceful Beauty, and instructive Art.

Since the great *Archimedes* Sphere was lost,  
The noblest Labour finish'd Wit cou'd boast:

No generous hand durst that fam'd Model trace,  
Which *Greece* admir'd, and *Rome* cou'd only praise.  
This you, with greater lustre, have restor'd;  
And taught those Arts we ignorantly ador'd:  
Motion in full Perfection here you've shown,  
And what Mankind despair'd to reach, have done.

In Artful Frames your Heav'nly Bodies move,  
Scarce brighter in their beauteous Orbs above:  
And Stars, depriv'd of all malignant flames,  
Here court the Eye, with more auspicious Beams.  
In graceful order the just Planets rise,  
And here compleat their Circles in the Skies:  
Here's the full consort of revolving Spheres,  
And Heaven in bright Epitomy appears.

With Charms the Ancients did invade the Moon,  
And from her Orb compell'd her struggling down:

But here she's taught a Nobler Change by you,  
And moves with pride in this bright Sphere below.  
While your Celestial Bodies thus I view,  
They give me bright Ideas of the true :  
Inspir'd by them, my thoughts dare upward move,  
And visit Regions of the Blest above.

Thus from your hand w' admire the Globe in small,  
A Copy fair as its Original :  
This Labour's to the whole Creation just,  
Second to none, and Rival to the first.  
The artful Spring, like the diffusive Soul,  
Informs the Machin, and directs the whole :  
Like Nature's self, it fills the spacious Throne,  
And unconfin'd sways the fair Orbs alone ;  
The unactive parts, with awful silence wait,  
And from its nod their birth of Motion date :  
Like Chaos, they obey the pow'rful Call,  
Move to its sound, and into Measures fall.

THE

Rape of THEUTILLA,

Imitated from the

L A T I N

OF

FAMIAN. STRADA.

BY

Mr. THO. YALDEN.

The Introductory Argument.

**T**Heutilla, a fair young Virgin, who, to avoid the Addresses of those many Admirers her Beauty drew about her; assum'd the Habit of a Religious Order, and wholly withdrew her self from the Eye and Converse of the World. But the common Report of her Beauty, had so inflam'd Amalis (a young Person of Quality) with Love: That one Night in a Debauch of Wine, he commands his Servants to force her Dormitory, and bear off, tho' by



*the lovely Votress. Which having successfully perform'd, they bring Theutilla to their expecting Lord's Apartment; the Scene of the ensuing Poem.*

Soon as the Tyrant her bright Form survey'd,  
 He grew Inflam'd with the Fair Captive  
 A graceful Sorrow in her Looks she bears, <sup>(Maid:</sup>  
 Lovely with Grief, and Beautiful in Tears;  
 Her Mien, and Air, resistless Charms impart,  
 Forcing an easie passage to his Heart.

Long he devours her Beauties with his Eyes,  
 While thro' his glowing Veins th' Infection flies:  
 Swifter than Lightning to his Breast it came,  
 Like that a Fair, but a Destructive Flame.  
 Yet she, tho' in her young and blooming State,  
 Possess a Soul, beyond a Virgins, great:  
 No Charms of Youth her colder Bosom move,  
 Chast were her Thoughts, and most averse to  
 Love.

And

And as some timorous Hind in Toils betray'd,  
Thus in his Arms strove the resisting Maid:  
Thus did she combat with his strict Embrace,  
And spurn'd the guilty Cause of her Disgrace.  
Revenge she Courted, but despair'd to find  
A Strength, and Vigour, equal to her Mind:  
While checks of *Shame* her willing Hands restrain,  
Since all a Virgin's force, is her Disdain.  
Yet her Resolves are nobly fix'd to Dye,  
Rather than violate her Chastity,  
Than break her Vows to Heav'n, than blot her  
Or soil her Beauties with a Lustful Flame. (Fame,

The Night from its Meridian did decline,  
An Hour propitious to the black Design:  
When Sleep, and Rest, their peaceful Laws  
maintain,  
And o're the Globe b' infectious Silence Reign:

While Death-like Slumbers ev'ry Bosom seize,  
Unbend our Minds, and weary'd Bodys ease.  
Now fond *Amalis* finds kis drooping Breast,  
Heavy with Wine, with amorous Cares oppress:  
Not all the Joys expecting Lovers feel,  
Can from his Breast the drowsie Charm repel;  
In vain from Wine his Passion seeks redress,  
Whose treacherous Force, the Flame it rais'd; be-  
trays.

Weak and Unnerv'd his useles Limbs became,  
Bending beneath their ill supported Frame;  
Vanquish'd by that repose from which he flies,  
Now Slumbers close his unconsenting Eyes.

But sad *Theutilla's* Cares admit no rest,  
Repose is banisht from her mournful Breast:  
A faithful Guard does injur'd Virtue keep,  
And from her weary Limbs repulses Sleep.

Oft she reflects with Horrour on the Rape,  
Oft tries each avenue for her escape :  
Tho' still repulse, upon repulse, she bears,  
And finds no passage, but for Sighs and Tears.  
Then, with the wildness of her Soul let loose,  
And all the Fury that her Wrongs infuse :  
She Weeps, she Raves, she rends her flowing Hair,  
Wild in her Grief, and raging with Despair.  
At length her restless Thoughts an utterance find,  
And vent the anguish of her lab'ring Mind :  
Whilst all dissolv'd in calmer Tears, she said,  
"Shall I again be to his Arms betray'd !  
"Again the Toil of loath'd Embraces bear,  
"And for some blacker Scene of Lust prepare !  
"First may this Bed my guiltless Grave become,  
"This Marble Roof my unpolluted Tomb :  
"Then just to Honour, and unstain'd in Fame,  
"The Urn that hides my Dust, conceals my  
Shame.

- “Heav’n gave me Virtue, Womans frail defence;  
“And Beauty, to molest that Innocence:  
“In vain I call my Virtue to my aid,  
“When thus by treach’rous Beauty I’m betray’d  
“Yet to this Hour my Breast no Crime has  
known,  
“But coldly Chast with Virgin Brightness shone,  
“As now unfully’d by a Winters Sun.  
“Not Arts, nor ruder Force of Men prevail’d,  
“My Tears found pity, when my Language  
fail’d.  
“Oft have these violated Locks been torn,  
“And injur’d Face their savage Fury born:  
“Oft have my Bloody Robes their Crimes confess,  
“And pointed Daggers glitter’d at my breast;  
“Yet free from guilt, I found some happier Charm  
“To vanquish Lust, and wildest Rage disarm.

But ah ! the greatest Labour's yet behind ;  
No Tears can soften this obdurate mind :  
No Prayers inexorable pity move,  
Or guard me from the worst of Ruins, Love.  
Tho' Sleep and Wine, allow this kind reprieve,  
yet to the Youth they'l Strength and Fury give :  
Then wretched Maid ! Then think what Artifice,  
(Embrace !  
What Charm shall rescue from his nerv'd  
When with supplis of Vigour next he Storms,  
And ev'ry dictate of his Lust performs,  
But you blest Power, that own a Virgins name,  
Protect my Virtue, and defend my Fame,  
From pow'rful Lust, and the reproach of Shame. }  
If I a strict Religious Life have led,  
Drank the cold Stream, and made the Earth my  
Bed !

"If



“ If from the World a Chast Recluse I live,  
“ Redress my Wrongs, and generous Succour give,  
“ Allay this raging Tempest of my Mind,  
“ A Virgin, shou’d be to a Virgin kind :  
“ Prostrate with Tears from you I beg Defence,  
“ Or take my Life, or guard my Innocence.

While thus th’ afflicted Beauty pray’d, she spy’d  
A fatal Dagger by *Amalis* side :  
This Weapon’s mine, she cries ! (then grasp’d it fast)  
And now the Lustful Tyrant sleeps his last.  
With eager Hands the pointed Steel she draws,  
Ev’n Murder pleases in so just a Cause :  
Nor Fears, nor Dangers now Resistance make,  
Since Honour, Life, and dearer Fame’s at stake.

Yet in her Breast does kind Compassion plead,  
And fills her Soul with horror of the Deed :

Her

Her Sexes tenderneſs reſumes its place,  
 And ſpreads in conſcious Bluſhes o're her Face.  
 Now ſtung with the remorse of Guilt, ſhe crys,  
 " Ah frantique Girl, what wild Attempt is this !  
 " Think, think *Theutilla*, on the Murderer's Doom,  
 " And tremble at a Punishment to come :  
 " Stain not thy Virgin Hands with guilty Blood,  
 " And dread to be ſo criminally good.  
 " Lay both thy Courage and thy Weapen down,  
 " Nor fly to Aids a Maid muſt bluſh to own :  
 " Nor Arms, nor Valour with thy Sex agree,  
 " They wound thy Fame, and taint thy Modeſty.  
 Thus diff'rent Paſſions combat in her Mind,  
 Oft ſhe's to Pity, oft to Rage inclin'd :  
 Now from her hand the hated Weapon's caſt,  
 Then ſeiz'd again with more impetuous haſte :  
 Unfix'd her Wiſhes, her Reſolves are vain,  
 What ſhe attempts, ſhe ſtreight rejects again ;

Her

Her looks, the Emblems of her Thoughts appear,  
Vary'd with Rage, with Pity and Despair:  
Alone her Fears incline to no Extream,  
Equally poiz'd, betwixt Revenge and Shame.  
At length, with more prevailing Rage possess'd,  
Her jealous Honour steels her daring Breast:  
The thoughts of injur'd Fame new Courage gave,  
And nicer Virtue now confirms her brave.  
Then the fam'd *Judith* her whole mind employs,  
Urges her hand, and sooths the fatal Choice:  
This great Example pleas'd, inflam'd by this,  
With wild disorder to the Youth she flies;  
One hand she wreaths within his flowing Hair,  
The other does the ready Weapon bear:  
“ Now guide me, crys, fair *Hebren*, now look  
down,  
“ And pity Labours thou hast undergone.

“ Direct

"Direct the Hand that takes thy Path to Fame,  
 "And be Propitious to a Virgin's Name,  
 "Who's Glory's but a Refuge from her shame.

Thus rais'd by Hopes, and arm'd with Courage  
 now,

She with undaunted Looks directs the Blow:  
 Deep in his Breast the spacious Wound she made,  
 And to his Heart dispatch'd th' unerring Blade.

When their expiring Lord the Servants heard,  
 Whose dying Groans the fatal Act declar'd:  
 Like a *fierce Torrent* with no *Bounds* they're stay'd,  
 But vent their Rage on the defenceless Maid:  
 Not Vertue, Youth, nor Beauty in distress,  
 Can move their savage Breasts to tenderness:  
 But Death, with horrid Torments they prepare,  
 And to her Fate th' undaunted Virgin bear.

Tortures and Death seem lovely in her Eyes,  
Since she to Honour falls a Sacrifice :

Amidst her Sufferings, still her Mind is great,  
And, free from guilt, she triumphs o're her Fate.

But Heav'n, that's suff'ring Vertue's sure Reward,  
Exerts its Power, and is it self her Guard :

*Amalus*, conscious of his black Offence,  
Now feels remorse for her wrong'd Innocence;  
Tho' now he's struggling in the pangs of death,  
And all life's purple Stream is ebbing forth :

Yet, raising up his pale and drooping head,  
He recollects his Spirits as they fled,  
And, with his last remains of Voice, he said, }  
" Spare the chaste Maid, your impious hands re-  
strain,

" Nor Beauty with such Insolence prophane :

“Learn by my Fate wrong’d Innocence to spare,  
“Since injur’d Vertue’s Heav’n’s peculiar Care.

But you, brave Virgin, now shall stand enrol’d  
Amongst the Noblest Heroines of old :  
Thy fam’d Attempt, and celebrated Hand,  
Shall lasting Trophies of thy Glory stand ;  
And, if my Verse the just Reward can give,  
Thutilla’s Name shall to new Ages live.  
For to thy Sex thou hast new Honours won,  
And *France* now boasts a *Judith* of its own.

---

A N



---

An O D E,  
FOR  
*St. Cecilia's Day, 1693.*

---

Written by Mr. *THO. TALDEN.*

And

Composed by Mr. *Daniel Purcell.*

---

I.

**B**Egin, and strike th' harmonious Lyre!  
Let the loud Instruments prepare  
To raise our Souls, and charm the Ear,  
With Joys which Musick only can inspire;  
Hark how the willing Strings obey!  
To consecrate this happy Day,  
Sacred to Musick, Love, and blest *Cecilia.*

1a

In lofty Numbers, Tuneful Lays,  
 We'll celebrate the Virgin's Praise :  
 Her skilful Hand first taught our Strings to move,  
 To her this sacred Art we owe,  
 Who first anticipated Heav'n below,  
 And play'd the Hymns on Earth, that she now  
 (sings Above,  
 ( 2 )

What moving Charms each Tuneful *Voice* contains,  
 Charms that thro' the willing ear,  
 A Tide of pleasing Raptures bear,  
 And, with diffusive Joys, run *thrilling* thro' our *Veins*,  
 The listning Soul does Sympathize,  
 And with each vary'd Noat complies :  
 While gay and sprightly *Airs* Delight,  
 Then free from Cares, and unconfin'd,  
 It takes, in pleasing Extacies, its flight.  
 With mournful Sounds, a sadder Garb it wears,  
 Indulges Grief, and gives a loose to Tears.

( 3. )

Musick's the Language of the Blest above,  
 No Voice but Musick's can exprefs,  
 The Joys that happy Souls poffefs,  
 Nor in juſt Raptures tell the wond'rous Pow'r of  
 'Tis Nature's Dialect, design'd (Love.  
 To charm, and to inſtruct the Mind;  
 Muſick's an Univerſal Good!  
 That does diſpence its joys around,  
 In all the Elegancy of Sound,  
 To be by Men admir'd, by Angels underſtood.

( 4 )

Let ev'ry reſtleſs Paſſion ceaſe to move!  
 And each tumultuous thought obey  
 The happy influence of this Day,  
 For Muſick's Unity and Love.

Muſick's

Musick's the soft indulger of the mind,  
 The kind diverter of our care,  
 The surest Refuge mournful grief can find ;  
 A Cordial to the Breast, and Charm to ev'ry Ear.  
 Thus, when the Prophet struck his Tuneful Lyre,  
 Saul's evil Genius did retire :  
 In vain were Remedies apply'd,  
 In vain all other Arts were try'd ;  
 His Hand and Voice alone the Charm cou'd find,  
 To heal his Body, and compose his Mind.

( 5 )

Now let the Trumpets louder Voice proclaim

A solemn Jubile :

For ever Sacred let it be,

To Skilful *Jabals*, and *Cecilia's*, Name:

R 2

Great

Great *Jubal* Author of our Lays,  
Who first the hidden charms of Musick found:  
And thro' their Airy Paths did trace,  
The secret Springs of Sound.  
When from his hollow chorded Shell,  
The Soft melodious Accents fell:  
With Wonder, and Delight he play'd,  
While the Harmoneous Strings his Skilful Hand  
(obey'd.  
( 6 )  
But fair *Cecilia* to a pitch Divine  
Improv'd her artful Lays :  
When to the Organ she her Voice did Joyn,  
In the Almighty's Praise ;  
Then Choirs of Listning Angels stood around,  
Admir'd her Art, and blest the Heav'nly Sound.  
Her Praise alone no Tongue can reach,  
But in the Strains her self did teach :

Then let the Voice and Lyre combine,  
And in a Tuneful Consort joyn;  
For Musick's her Reward and Care,  
Above sh' enjoys it, and protects it here.

*Grand Chorus.*

Then kindly treat this happy Day,  
And grateful Honours to *Cecilia* pay:  
To her these lov'd harmonious Rites belong,  
To her that Tunes our Strings, and still Inspires our  
(Song.  
Thus may her Day for ever be  
Blest with Love and Harmony:  
Blest as its great Saint appear,  
Still may fair *Cecilia*'s prove  
A Day of Harmony and Love,  
Attune for all the Discords of the Year.



## A S O N G.

F O R

St. *CECILIA*'s Day,  
At O X F O R D.

---

By Mr. *Jo. Addison.*

---

( I )

**C***ecilia*, who's Exalted Hymns  
With joy and wonder fill the Blest,  
In Quires of warbling Seraphims.

Known and distinguisht from the rest,

Attend, Harmonious Saint, and see

Thy vocal Sons of Harmony ;

Attend, Harmonious Saint, and hear our Pray'rs ;

Enliven all our Earthy Airs,

And

And, as thou Sing'st thy God, teach us to Sing of  
Tune ev'ry String and ev'ry Tongue, (Thee:  
Be thou the Muse and Subject of our Song.

2.

Let all *Cecilia's* Praise proclaim,  
Employ the Eccho in her Name.  
Hark how the Flutes and Trumpets raise,  
At bright *Cecilia's* Name, their Lays,  
The Organ labours in her Praise.  
*Cecilia's* Name does all our Numbers grace,  
From ev'ry Voice the Tuneful Accents fly,  
In soaring Trebles, now it rises high.  
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the Bass.  
*Cecilia's* Name through all the Notes we Sing,  
The work of ev'ry skilful Tongue,  
The Sound of ev'ry trembling String,  
The Sound and Triumph of our Song.

## 3.

For ever Consecrate the day,  
To Musick and *Cecilia* ;  
Musick, the greatest Good that Mortals know,  
And all of Heav'n we have below.  
Musick can noble hints impart,  
Engender Fury, kindle Love ;  
With unsuspected Eloquence can move,  
And manage all the Man with secret Art.  
When *Orpheus* strikes the trembling Lyre,  
The Streams stand still, the Stones admire ;  
The listning Savages advance,  
The Wolf and Lamb around him trip,  
The Bears in awkward measures leap,  
And Tigers mingle in the Dance.  
The moving Woods attended as he play'd,  
And *Rhodope* was left without a shade.

4

Musick, Religious Heats inspires,

It wakes the Soul, and lifts it high,  
And wings it with sublime desires,  
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.

Th' Almighty listens to a Tuneful Tongue,  
And seems well-pleas'd, and Courted with a  
Song.

Soft moving Sounds, and Heav'nly Airs,  
Give force to ev'ry word, and recommend our  
Pray'rs,

When Time it self shall be no more,  
And all things in confusion hurl'd,  
Musick shall then exert its pow'r,  
And Sound survive the Ruins of the World :  
Then Saints and Angels shall agree

In one eternal Jubile :

All Heav'n shall Eccho with their Hymns Divine,

And God himself with pleasure see

The whole Creation in a Chorus joyn.

*Chorus.*

Consecrate the Place and Day,

To Musick and *Cecilia*.

Let no rough Winds approach, nor dare

Invade the hallow'd bounds,

Nor rudely shake the Tuneful Air,

Nor spoil the fleeting Sounds,

No Mournful Sigh nor Groan be heard,

But Gladness dwell on ev'ry Tongue;

Whilst all, with Voice and Strings prepar'd,

Keep up the loud harmonious Song,

And imitate the Blest above

In Joy, and Harmony, and Love.

The STORY of  
*SALMACIS:*

From the Fourth Book of  
*Ovid's Metamorphoses.*

---

By Mr. JO. ADDISON.

---

**H**OW *Salmacis*, with weak enfeebling Streams  
Softens the Body, and unnerves the Limbs,  
And what the secret Cause, shall here be shown;  
The Cause is secret, but th' Effect is known.

The *Naiads* nurs'd an Infant heretofore,  
That *Cytherea* once to *Hermes* bore:  
From both th' Illustrious Authors of his Race  
The Child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace  
Both the bright Parents thro' the Infant's face.

When



When fifteen years, in *Ida's* cool Retreat,  
The Boy had told, he left his Native Seat,  
And fought fresh Fountains in a Foreign Soil:  
The Pleasure lessen'd the attending Toil.  
With eager steps the *Lycian* Fields he crost,  
And Fields that border on the *Lycian* Coast;  
A River here he view'd so lovely bright,  
It shew'd the Bottom in a fairer Light,  
Nor kept a Sand conceal'd from Human sight.  
The Stream produc't nor slimy Ooze, nor Weeds,  
Nor miry Rushes, nor the spiky Reeds;  
But dealt enriching Moisture all around,  
The fruitful Banks with chearful *Verdure* crown'd,  
And kept the Spring Eternal on the Ground,  
A Nymph presides, nor practis'd in the Chace,  
Nor skilful at the Bow, nor at the Race;  
Of all the Blue-ey'd Daughters of the Main,  
The only Stranger to *Diana's* Train;

Her Sisters often, as 'tis said, wou'd cry  
 " Fie *Salmacis*, what always Idle! fie,  
 " Or take thy Quiver, or thy Arrows seize,  
 " And mix the Toils of Hunting with thy Ease.  
 Nor Quiver she nor Arrows e're wou'd seize,  
 Nor mix the Toyls of Hunting with her Ease.  
 But oft wou'd Bath her in the Chrystal Tide,  
 Oft with a Comb her dewy Locks divide ;  
 Now in the Limpid Streams she views her Face,  
 And drest her Image in the Floating Glafs :  
 On Beds of Leaves she now repos'd her Limbs,  
 Now gather'd Flowr's that grew about her  
 Streams,  
 And then by chance was gathering, as she stood  
 To view the Boy, and Long'd for what she view'd.

Fain wou'd she meet the Youth with hasty Feet,  
 She fain wou'd meet him but refus'd to meet

Before

Before her looks were set with nicest Care,  
And well deserv'd to be reputed Fair.

“Bright Youth, she crys, whom all thy Features  
prove

“A God, and, if a God, the God of Love;

“But if a Mortal, Blest thy Nurses Breast:

“Blest are thy Parents, and thy Sisters Blest:

“But oh how Blest! how more than Blest thy Bride,

“Ally'd in Bliss! if any yet ally'd,

“If so, let mine the Stolen Injoyments be,

“If not, behold a willing Bride in me.

(Shame,

The Boy knew nought of Love, and toucht with  
He strove, and Blusht, but still the Blush became:  
In rising Blushes still fresh Beautys rose;  
The Sunny Side of Fruit such Blushes shows,  
And such the Moon, when all her Silver White  
Turns in Eclipses to a Ruddy Light.

The Nymph still begs, if not a nobler Bliss,  
A cold Salute at least, a Sister's Kiss:  
And now prepares to take the lovely Boy  
Between her Arms. He, Innocently Coy,  
Replies, " Or leave me to my self alone,  
You rude uncivil Nymph, or I'll be gone.  
Fair Stranger then, says she, it shall be so;  
And, for she fear'd his Threats, she feign'd to go:  
But hid within a Coverts Neighbouring Green,  
He kept him still in sight, her self unseen.

The Boy now fancy's all the Danger o're,  
And innocently sports about the Shore,  
Playful and Wanton to the Stream he Trips,  
And dips his Foot, and Shivers as he dips.  
The Coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste  
His airy Garments on the Banks he cast;

His

His Godlike Features, and his Heav'nly Hew,  
And all his Beauties were expos'd to View.  
His naked Limbs the Nymph with rapture spies,  
While hotter Passions in her Bosom rise,  
Flush in her Cheeks, and sparkle in her Eyes.  
She Longs, she Burns to clasp him in her Arms,  
And Looks, and Sighs, and Kindles at his Charms.

Now all undrest upon the Banks he stood,  
And clapt his Sides, and leapt into the Flood,  
His Lovely Limbs the Silver Waves divide,  
His Limbs appear more Lovely through the Tide;  
As Lillys shut within a Chrystal Case,  
Receive a Glossy Lustre from the Glass.  
He's mine, he's all my own the Naid Cries,  
And flings off all, and after him she Flies.  
And now she fastens on him as he Swims,  
And holds him close, and wraps about his Limbs.



The more the Boy resisted, and was coy,  
The more she Clipt, and Kist, the struggling Boy.  
So when the wrigling Snake is snatcht on high  
In Eagle's Claws, and hisses in the Sky,  
Around the Foe his twirling Tail he flings,  
And twists her Legs, and wriths about her Wings.

The restless Boy still obstinately strove  
To free himself, and still refus'd her Love.  
Amidst his Limbs she kept her Limbs intwin'd,  
" And why, coy Youth, she crys, why thus unkind? }  
" Oh may the Gods thus keep us ever joyn'd! }  
" Oh may we never, never, part again !  
So pray'd the Nymph, nor did she pray in vain:  
For now she finds him, as his Limbs she prest,  
Grow nearer still and nearer to her Breast ;  
Till, piercing each the others Flesh, they run  
Together, and Incorporate in One :



Last in a common Face their Faces joyn,  
As when the Stock and Grafted Sprigs combine,  
They grow the same, and wear a common Rind:  
Both Bodies in a single Body mix,  
A single Body with a double Sex.

The Boy, thus lost in Woman, now survey'd  
The Rivers guilty Streams, and thus he Prayd.  
(He Pray'd, but wonder'd at his softer Tone,  
Surpriz'd to hear a Voice but half his own)  
You Parent-Gods, whose Heavenly Names I  
bear,

Hear your *Hermaphrodite*, and grant my Pray'r;  
Oh grant, that whomsoe'er these Streams contain,  
If Man he enter'd, he may rise again  
Supple, Unfinew'd, and but half a Man!

The Heav'nly Parents answer'd, from on high,  
Their two-shap'd Son, the double Virgin;  
And gave a secret Tincture to the Flood,  
To weaken it, and make his Wishes good.

L 2

THE

THE  
ENQUIRY

After his

MISTRESS

Written by *HORATIO TOWNSEND.*

**T**Hou Shepherd whose intentive Eye,  
O're ev'ry Lamb, is such a Spie,  
No Wily Fox can make 'em less,  
Where may I find my Shepherdess?

2

A little pausing, then said he,  
How can that Jewel stray from thee?

In Summers Heat, in Winters Cold,  
I thought thy Breast had been her Fold.

3

That is indeed the constant Place,  
Wherein my Thoughts still see her Face ;  
And print her Image in my Heart,  
But yet my fond Eyes crave a part.

4

With that he smiling said, I might  
Of *Chloris* partly have a sight,  
And some of her Perfections meet,  
In ev'ry Flower was Fresh and Sweet.

5

The growing *Lilies* bear her Skin,  
The *Violets* her blue Veins within ;  
The blushing *Rose* new blown and spread  
Her sweeter Cheeks her Lips the Red.

## 6

The Winds that wanton with the Spring,  
Such Odours as her Breathing bring.  
But the resemblance of her Eyes,  
Was never found beneath the Skies.

## 7

Her charming Voice who strives to hit,  
His Object must be Higher yet ;  
For Heav'n, and Earth, and all we see  
Dispers'd, Collected is but she.

## 8

Amaz'd at this Discourse, methought  
Love both Ambition in me wrought,  
And made me covet to engross  
A Wealth wou'd prove a publick Loss.

W

9

With that I figh'd, aſham'd to ſee  
Such worth in her, ſuch want in me ;  
And cloſing both mine Eyes, forbid  
The World my ſight, ſince ſhe was hid.

---

L 4

T O

---



---

To the Honourable  
Mrs. M O H U N  
O N H E R  
R E C O V E R Y.

---

By Mr. Charles Hopkins.

---

**A**S when the Queen of Love, ingag'd in War,  
Was rashly wounded with a Grecian's Spear,  
All Parties were concern'd to see her bleed,  
And he himself, did first repent the deed.  
He left th' inglorious Field, with grief and shame,  
Where his late Conquest, had destroy'd his Fame.  
So Sickness flies from you, with such a griet,  
Asham'd that ever she began the strife,  
Better than *Venus*, in the Fight you fare,  
For tho' more wounded, you're without a Scar.

All Claim to you, th' Invader has resign'd,  
 And left no marks of Hostile Rage behind.  
 No signs, no tracks of Tyranny, remain,  
 But exil'd Beauty, is restor'd again.  
 Fix'd in a Realm, which was before her own,  
 More firm than ever, she secures the Throne.  
 Mildly, ah! mildly then, your Pow'r maintain,  
 And take Example from *Maria's* Reign.  
 Wide, may your Empire, under Hers, be seen,  
 The fair Vicegerent of the fairest *Queen*.  
 Thro' you, may all our Prayers to her, be heard,  
 Our humble Verse, be all, by you preferr'd.  
 No Blessing, can the Pious Suppliant want,  
 Where she the Goddess is, and you the Saint.

THE

THE  
Force of JEALOUSY.  
TO  
A L A D Y

ASKING,

*If her Sex was as sensible of that Passion as Men.*

An Allusion to

*O! Quam cruentus Fœminas stimulat Dolor.*

Seneca's  
Hercules  
Œtus.

By Mr. THO. TALDEN.

**W**Hat raging Thoughts transport the Wo-  
man's Breast,

That is with Love, and Jealousie possest !

More with Revenge, than soft Desires she Burns,  
Whose slighted Passion meets no kind returns ;

That

That courts the Youth with long neglected  
Charms,

And finds her Rival happy in his Arms.

Dread *Scilla's* Rocks 'tis safer to engage,  
And trust a Storm, than her destructive Rage:  
Not Waves contending with a boist'rous Wind,  
Threaten so loud, as her tempestuous Mind:  
For Seas grow calm, and raging Storms abate,  
But most implacable's a Woman's hate:  
Tygers, and Savages less wild appear,  
Than that fond Wretch abandon'd to Despair.

Such were the transports *Deianira* felt,  
Stung with a Rival's Charms, and Husband's Guilt;  
With such despair she view'd the captive Maid,  
Whose fatal Love her *Hercules* betray'd;

Th'

Th'unchast *Isle*, but divinely Fair!

In Love Triumphant, tho' a Slave in War;  
 By Nature lewd, and form'd for soft delight,  
 Gay as the Spring, and Fair as Beams of Light;  
 Whose blooming Youth wou'd wildest Rage dif-  
 And ev'ry Eye, but a fierce Rival's, Charm. <sup>(arm,</sup>

Fix'd with her Grief the Royal Matron stood,  
 When the fair Captive in his Arms she view'd:  
 With what regret her Beauties she survey'd,  
 And curst the Pow'r of the too Lovely Maid, }  
 That reap'd the Joys of her abandon'd Bed!  
 Her furious Looks with wild Disorder glow,  
 Looks that her Envy and Resentment show!  
 To blast that Fair detested Form she tries,  
 And Lightning darts from her distorted Eyes,

Then

Then o're the Palace of false *Hercules*,  
With Clamour, and impetuous Rage she flies;  
Late a Dear Witness of their Mutual Flame,  
But now th'unhappy Object of her Shame;  
Whose conscious Roof can yield her no Relief,  
But with polluted Joys upbraids her Grief.

Nor can the spacious Court contain her now;  
It grows a Scene too narrow for her Woe:  
Loose and undrest all Day she strays alone,  
Does her Abode, and lov'd Companions shun.  
In Woods complains, and Sighs, in ev'ry Grove,  
The mournful Tale of her forsaken Love.  
Her Thoughts, to all th'extreams of Frenzy fly,  
Vary, but cannot ease her Misery:  
Whilst in her Looks the lively Forms appear,  
Of Envy, Fondness, Fury and Despair.



Her Rage, no constant Face of Sorrow wears,  
Oft scornful Smiles succeed loud Sighs and Tears;  
Oft o're her Face the rising Blushes spread,  
Her glowing Eye-Balls turn with fury red;  
Then pale and wan her alter'd Looks appear,  
Paler than Guilt, and drooping with despair.  
A tide of Passions ebb and flow within,  
And oft she shifts the Melancholy Scene:  
Does all th' excess of Woman's Fury show,  
And yields a large variety of Woe.

Now calm as Infants at the Mothers Breast,  
Her Grief in softest Murmurs is exprest:  
She speaks the tend'rest Things that Pity move,  
Kind are her *Looks*, and *Languishing* with Love.  
Then loud as Storms, and raging as the Wind,  
She gives a loose to her Distemper'd Mind:

With *Shrieks* and *Groans* she fills the Air around,  
And makes the Palace her loud Griets resound.

Wild with her Wrongs, she like a Fury strays,  
A Fury more, than Wife of *Hercules*:  
Her motion, looks, and voice, proclaim her Woes,  
While Sighs, and broken Words, her wilder  
Thoughts disclose.

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TO  
**Mr. D R Y D E N,**  
 UPON  
**His Translation**  
 OF THE  
 THIRD BOOK OF  
*VIRGIL's* Georgicks  
 Pindarick O D E.

---

By *Mr.* John Dennis.

---

**W**hile mounting with expanded Wings  
 The *Mantuan* Swan unbounded Heav'n  
 explores ;

While with Seraphick Sounds he Towing Sings,  
 Till to Divinity he Soars :

Mankind

Mankind stands wond'ring at his Flight,  
Charm'd with his Musick, and his Height:

Which both transcend our Praise,  
Nay Gods incline their ravish'd Ears,  
And tune their own harmonious Spheres  
To his Melodious Lays.

Thou, *Dryden*, canst his Notes recite  
In modern Numbers, which express  
Their Musick, and their utmost Might:  
Thou, wondrous Poet, with Success  
Canst emulate his Flight,

2.

Sometimes of humble Rural Things,  
Thy Muse, which keeps great *Maro* still in Sight,  
In middle Air with varied Numbers Sings;  
And sometimes her sonorous Flight  
To Heav'n sublimely Wings.

M

But

But first takes time with Majesty to rise,  
Then, without Pride, Divinely Great,  
She Mounts her Native Skyes ;  
And, Goddess-like, retains her State  
When down again she flies.

Commands, which Judgment gives, she still obeys,  
Both to depress her Flight, and raise.  
Thus *Mercury* from Heav'n descends,  
And to this under World his Journey bends,  
When *Jove* his dread Command has giv'n.  
But, still, Descending, Dignity maintains,  
As much a God upon our humble Plains,  
As when he Tow'ring, re-ascends to Heav'n.

## 3.

But when thy Goddess takes her Flight,  
With so much Majesty, to such a Height  
As can alone suffice to prove,  
That she descends from mighty *Jove*:

Gods!

Gods ! how thy Thoughts then rise, and soar,  
and shine !

Immortal Spirit animates each Line,

Each with bright Flame that Fires our Souls  
is Crown'd,

Each has magnificence of Sound,

And Harmony Divine.

Thus the first Orbs in their high Rounds,

With Shining Pomp advance ;

And to their own Celestial Sounds

Majestically Dance.

On, with eternal Symphony they rowl,

Each turn'd in its harmonious Course,

And each inform'd, by the prodigious Force

Of an Empyrean Soul.



---

THE  
ENJOYMENT.  
A  
SONG.

---

*Anonymus.*

---

**Y**E Gods! the Raptures of that Night!  
What Fierce Convulsions of Delight!  
How in each others Arms involv'd,  
We lay Confounded, and Dissolv'd!  
Bodies mingling, Sexes blending,  
Which shou'd most be lost contending.  
Darting fierce, and flaming Kisses,  
Plunging into boundless Blissess;

Our

Our Bodies, and our Soul's on Fire,  
Toft by a Tempeft of Defire ;  
Till with utmoft Fury driv'n  
Down, at once we funk to Heav'n.

---

M 3

The

---

## *The Enjoyment.*

**G**O, Love, thy Banners round the World  
display,

And teach Rebelious Mortals to obey;  
Triumph o're those, who proudly slight thy Pow'r,  
And make them, what they now Deride, Adore.  
If any yet can be so senceless grown,  
To scorn thy Pleasures, and approve their own:  
To Conquer, only bid 'em Taste, and Know,  
And soon their fancy'd Pleasures they'l forego,  
And soon acknowledge thee, the Lord of all  
below.

Convince the reading Sots, who wou'd seem Wise,  
And cloak their Follies by a grave Disguise;

The Learned Ignorants will straight lay by  
Their useleſs Books, and, Joyful, follow thee.

Bleſt be the Day, when firſt *Celinda* came  
To me Deſparring, and reveal'd her Flame ;  
When bluſhing ſhe her Paſſion did diſcloſe,  
And ſoſteſt Words, and tender'ſt Accents choſe }  
To make me Happy, and compleat my Joys.  
Oh! what a Rapture did my Soul ſurround,  
When firſt I heard the dear transporting Sound !  
“ Now, Youth, ſaid ſhe, your Fears and Doubts  
remove,  
“ For know 'tis you, and only you I Love ;  
“ And that you may my Love unfeign'd believe,  
“ Take all that you can aſk, or I can give.  
While tell-tale Bluſhes told me what ſhe meant,  
And wiſhing Looks betray'd her kind intent.

Encourag'd thus, I boldly did invade  
With eager ardour the forgiving Maid ;  
But when I clasp'd her Body close to mine,  
'Twas more than Rapture all ! 'twas all Divine !  
Such Joys I knew, as Words want Pow'r totell,  
Joys ! which the feeble reach of Thoughts excel:  
My Soul, surpriz'd at the excess of Joy,  
Unable to sustain it, wing'd away,  
Whilst all entranc'd, and Extasiz'd I lay.

Tell me, ye mighty Learned, (if you know)  
Where did my Soul in that short Transport go?  
Did it with willing haste to her depart?  
It did, I'm sure it did, and flutter'd round her  
Heart ;  
Blest with the unknown Beauties of the Fair,  
It heav'd, it trembl'd, and it panted there.

Unwilling

Unwilling to depart, 'twou'd still remain,  
 But all the weak Efforts to stay were vain,  
 A Kiss restor'd the Fugitive again;  
 That Kiss which wou'd a long DeadCorps revive,  
 Reverse its Doom, and kindly make it live;  
 My Soul re-enter'd, we repeated o're  
 A Thousand Joys, unknown to both before.

Pardon me, Love, (thou Pow'rful Deity)  
 That I so long abstain'd from tasting thee :  
 I thought indeed (vain Fool!) in Books to meet  
 With solid Wisdom, and with true Delight :  
 To noisie Nothings I betray'd my Ease,  
 And idly dreamt away my sprightly Days ;  
 But now, (though late) my Errours I perceive,  
 And know, I only now begin to Live :  
 Hence, ye usurping Whimsies, hence retreat,  
 Whilst exil'd Love regains its lawful Seat ;

Love,



Love, whose bewitching Dictates I'll obey,  
 For I, with *Titus*, shou'd repenting say,  
 Those Blessings wanting, I have lost a Day:  
 No time shall pass without that dear Delight,  
 I'll talk of Love all Day, and act it all the Night;  
 Pleasure and I, as to one Goal design'd,  
 Will run with equal pace, while Sorrows flag be-  
 (hind.

O that I had but *Jove's* unbounded Might,  
 To lengthen Pleasures, and extend a Night!  
 Three trivial Nights shou'd not my Wish con-  
 fine,  
 Whole *Years* themselves, and *Ages* shou'd combine  
 To make my Joys as lasting, as Divine.  
 Then wou'd I lye enclos'd within her Arms,  
 Fierce as my Love, and Vig'rous as her Charms;  
 And both shou'd be, (cou'd I decree their State)  
 As fixt, and as immutable as Fate:

Then

Then wond'ring Mortals shou'd with Envy see,  
That only those were blest who Lov'd like me;  
And Gods themselves shou'd at my Bliss repine,  
And learn to mend their now imperfect Joys by  
mine.

---

---

*In Imitation of* HORACE.

O D E the XXII.

*Integer vitæ, &c.*

---

Written by Mr. THO. T ALDEN.

---

I.

**T**HE Man that's uncorrupt, and free from  
guilt,

That the Remorse of secret Crimes ne're felt :

Whose Breast was ne're debauch't with Sin,  
But finds all calm, and all at peace within :

In his Integrity secure,

He fears no danger, dreads no pow'r :

Useless are Arms for his Defence,

That keeps a faithful guard of Innocence.

Secure

2.

Secure the happy Innocent may rove,  
 The Care of ev'ry Pow'r above:  
 Altho' unarm'd he wanders o're  
 The treacherous *Libia's* Sands, and faithless Shore.  
 Tho' o're th' inhospitable brows  
 Of savage *Caucasus* he goes:  
 Thro' *Africk's* Flames, thro' *Scythia's* Snows,  
 Or where *Hydaspes*, fam'd for Monsters, flows.

3.

For as within an unfrequented Grove,  
 I tun'd my willing Lyre to love:  
 With pleasing amorous thoughts betray'd,  
 Beyond my Bounds insensibly I stray'd.  
 A Wolf that view'd me fled away,  
 He fled, from his defenceless prey:  
 When I invok'd *Maria's* aid,  
 Altho' unarm'd, the trembling Monster fled.

## 4.

Not *Daunia's* teeming Sands, nor barb'rous Shore,  
E're such a dreadful Native bore :

Nor *Africk's* nursing Caves brought forth,  
So fierce a Beast, of such amazing growth.

Yet vain did all his Fury prove,  
Against a Breast that's arm'd with Love:

Tho' absent, fair *Maria's* Name  
Subdues the fierce, and makes the savage tame.

## 5.

Commit me now to that abandon'd place,  
Where chearful light withdraws its rays:

No beams on barren Nature smile,  
Nor fruitful Winds refresh th' intemperate Soil.

But Tempests, with eternal Frost,  
Still rage around the gloomy Coast :  
Whilst angry *Jove* infects the air,  
And, black with Clouds, deforms the fullen year.

## 6.

Or place me now beneath the torrid Zone,  
To live a Borderer on the Sun :  
Send me to scorching Sands, whose heat  
Guards the destructive Soil from Humane feet.  
Yet there I'll sing *Maria's* Name,  
And sport, uninjur'd, midst the Flame :  
*Maria's* Name ! that will create, even there,  
A milder Climate, and more temperate Air.

---



T O

# His Perjur'd Mistress.

## From H O R A C E.

*Nox erat, & cælo fulgebat luna sereno, &c.*

---

By Mr. T. T A L D E N.

---

**I**T was one Evening, when the rising Moon  
Amidst her Train of Stars distinctly shone:  
Serene and calm was the inviting Night,  
And Heav'n appear'd in all its lustre bright;  
When you, *Neara*, you my perjur'd Fair,  
Did, to abuse the Gods and me, prepare.  
Twas then you swore, remember faithless Maid,  
With what indearing Arts you then betray'd:

Remember

Remember all the tender things that past,  
When round my neck your willing arms were cast  
The circkling *Ivys* when with *Oaks* they joyn,  
Seem loose, and coy, to those fond Arms of thine.

Believe, you cry'd, this solemn Vow believe,  
The noblest Pledge that Love and I can give :  
Or if there's ought more sacred here below,  
Let that confirm my Oath to Heav'n and you.  
If e're my Breast a guilty Flame receives,  
Or covets Joys, but what thy presence gives :  
May ev'ry injur'd Pow'r assert thy Cause,  
And Love avenge his violated Laws :  
While cruel Beasts of Prey infest the Plain,  
And Tempests rage upon the faithless Main :  
While Sighs and Tears shall listning Virgins move,  
So long, ye Powers, will fond *Neera* love.

Ah faithless Charmer, lovely perjur'd Maid!  
Are thus my Vows, and generous Flame repay'd?  
Repeated flights I have too tamely bore,  
Still doated on, and still been wrong'd the more.  
Why do I listen to that *Syrens* Voice,  
Love ev'n thy Crimes, and fly to guilty Joys!  
Thy fatal Eyes my best Resolves betray,  
My Fury melts in soft desires away :  
Each look, each glance, for all thy Crimes atone,  
Elude my Rage, and I'm again undone.

But if my injur'd Soul dares yet be brave,  
Unless I'm fond of Shame, confirm'd a Slave :  
I will be deaf to that enchanting Tongue,  
Nor on thy Beauties gaze away my Wrong.  
At length I'll loath each prostituted Grace,  
Nor court the leavings of a cloy'd Embrace;

But show, with manly Rage, my Soul's above  
 The cold returns of thy exhausted Love.  
 Then, thou shalt justly Mourn at my disdain,  
 Find all thy Arts, and all thy Charms in vain :  
 Shalt Mourn, whilst I, with nobler Flames, pursue  
 Some Nymph as fair, tho' not unjust, as you ;  
 Whose Wit, and Beauty, shall like thine excel,  
 But far surpass in Truth, and loving well.

But wretched thou who e're my Rival art,  
 That fondly boasts an Empire o're her Heart :  
 Thou that enjoy'st the fair inconstant Prize,  
 And vainly triumph'st with my Victories ;  
 Unenvy'd now, o're all her Beauties rove,  
 Enjoy thy Ruin, and *Neera's* Love :  
 Tho' Wealth, and Honours grace thy nobler Birth,  
 To bribe her Love, and fix a wand'ring Faith:

Tho' ev'ry Grace, and ev'ry Virtue joyn,  
T' inrich thy Mind, and make thy Form divine:  
Yet blest with endless Charms, too soon you'l prove  
The Treacheries of false *Neera's* Love.  
Lost, and abandon'd by th' ungrateful Fair,  
Like me you'l Love, be Injur'd, and Despair.  
When left th' unhappy Object of her Scorn,  
Then shall I smile to see the Victor mourn,  
Laugh at thy Fate, and triumph in my turn. }

---

The XVI. ODE of the 2d. Book  
of HORACE.

Translated by an unknown Hand.

Beginning,

*Otium Divos regat, &c.*

I

When stormy Winds begin to rise,  
And Moon and Stars do disappear;

Then to the Gods the Seaman cries,

Wishing himself at Quiet here.

2

For Peace the Souldier takes up Arms ;

For Peace he boldly ventures Life :

For that he follows War's Alarms :

Hoping to gain by Toil and Strife.



## 3

That Quiet, and Content of Mind,  
Which is not to be bought or Sold ;  
Quiet, which none as yet cou'd find  
In Heaps of Jewels, or of Gold.

## 4

For neither can Wealth, Pow'r, or State  
Of Courtiers, or of Guards the Rout,  
Or Gilded Roof, or Brazen Gate,  
The Troubles of the Mind keep out.

## 5

That Man alone is happy here,  
Whose *All* will just himself maintain :  
His sleep is not disturb'd with Fear,  
Or broke with fordid Thirst of Gain.

## 6

Then why do we, since Life's so short,  
Lay out Designs for what's to come ?

Why to another Air resort,  
Forfaking this our Native Home.

7

Trouble will at our Heels be still,  
Swift as the Roe-Buck, or the Wind ;  
'Twill follow us against our will,  
For none can leave himself behind.

8

What does our Wandring then avail,  
Care will not be forgot, or lost ;  
'Twill reach us tho' we're under Sail ;  
And find us on another Coast.

9

Man, with his present state content,  
Shou<sup>d</sup> leave to Providence the rest :  
Using the time well Heav'n has lent,  
For no one here's entirely blest.

10

*Achilles* yielding soon to Fate,  
Was snatch'd from off this Mortal Stage.  
*Tython* enjoy'd a longer Date,  
And labour'd under lingring Age.

11

So if it please the Fates, you may  
Resign your Soul to sudden Death;  
Whilst I, perhaps, behind must stay,  
To breath a longer share of Breath.

12

You round you daily do behold  
Your thriving Flocks, and fruitful Land;  
Which bounteous Fortune has bestow'd  
On you, with no Penurious Hand.

13

A little Country Seat by Heaven  
Is what's allotted unto me :

A

---

A Genius too the Gods have given,  
Not quite averse to Poetry:

And a firm Steady Soul, that is above  
Either the Vulgar's hatred, or their love.

---

SONG.

---

## SONG.

## Advice to CÆLIA.

I

**I**S it not madness thus to be  
Coy, and your Minutes waste;  
To let the World be envying me  
Pleasures I ne'er did taste?

2

Since this foul Scandal we have got,  
Consent, and yield for shame;  
For all your Vertue now will not  
Patch up your broken Fame.

3

Why should our Blifs then be delay'd?  
The World can say no more  
Than what it has already said,  
And that is, thou'rt a Whore.

# *Advice to* CUPID.

## I N A S O N G.

I

**T**Ho' I'm a Man in ev'ry Part,  
And much inclin'd to Change ;  
Yet I must stop my wand'ring Heart,  
When it desires to Range.

2

I must indeed my *Calia* love,  
Altho' I have enjoy'd ;  
And make that Bliss still pleasant prove,  
With which I have been cloy'd.

3 I



3  
I must that fair one Justice do,  
I must still constant be ;  
For 'twere unkind to be untrue,  
Whilst she is true to me.

4

Then, *Cupid*, I must teach you how  
To make me still her Slave ;  
That Food to make me relish now,  
Which once a Surfeit gave.

5

You must, to play this Game at first,  
Some Jealousy contrive ;  
That she may vow I am the worst,  
And falsest Man alive.

6

Let her in Anger persevere,  
Be Jealous as before ;  
Till I begin to huff, and swear  
I'll never see her more.

7

Then let her use a little Art,  
And lay aside her Frown ;  
Let her some amorous Glances dart,  
To bring my Passion down.

8

Thus whilst I am again on Fire,  
Make me renew my Pain :  
Make her consent to my desire,  
And me still hug my Chain.

*Cornelius*

III 103  
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*Cornelius*

---

# Cornelius Gallus Imitated

A LTRICK.

---

By my Ld. R.

---

I

**M**Y Goddeſs, *Lydia*, Heav'nly Fair!  
As *Lillys* ſweet, as ſoft as Air :

Let looſe thy Treſſes, ſpread thy Charms,  
And to my Love give freſh Alarms.

2

O let me gaze on thoſe bright Eyes ;  
Tho' ſacred Lightning from 'em flies :  
Shew me that ſoft, that modeſt Grace,  
Which paints with charming Red thy Face.

3 Give

3

Give me *Ambrosia* in a Kifs,  
That I may Rival *Jove* in Blifs;  
That I may mix my Soul with thine,  
And make the Pleasure all Divine.

4

O hide thy Bosom's killing White,  
(The Milky-way is not so Bright ;)  
Left you my ravish'd Soul oppress  
With Beauty's Pomp, and sweet Excess.

5

Why draw'st thou from the Purple Flood]  
Of my kind Heart, the vital Blood ?  
Thou art all over Endless Charms !  
O take me, Dying, to thy Arms.

*Apollo's*



# APOLLO's Grief,

*For having Kill'd HYACINTH by Accident.*

*In Imitation of OVID.*

By my Ld. R.

Sweet *Hyacinth*, my Life! my Joy!  
What have I done! my lovely Boy!  
With Kisses I wou'd stop thy Soul;  
But Oh! the Fates my Bliss controul.  
For thee I Languish, wish to Dye,  
And weary grow of Immortality.  
Yet with my Harp I'll sound thy Praise,  
And to the Stars thy Beauties raise.  
Straight thou shalt rise with Purple Grace,  
And with the same Inviting Face:

Thy Blood shall turn the Lilly Red ;  
(Mourning) I'll wear it on my Head.  
The World shall Celebrate thy Fame,  
And Feasts be call'd by thy dear Name ;  
With *Hyacinth* Heav'n shall resound,  
While Ecchoes catch the Charming Sound.  
The fatal Loss, thus sad *Apollo* mourn'd,  
Of the fair Boy, for whom so much he burn'd.

---

O

SONG.

## S O N G.

By my Ld. R.

**W**Here is he gone whom I Adore?  
That God-like Man I see no more:  
Yet, without rest, his Tyrant Charms  
Beat in my Heart still new Alarms.

2.

Assist dear Honour, take my part,  
Or I am lost, with all my Art;  
Tear his *Idea* from my Breast,  
Tho', with it, I am more than Blest.

3.

My Reason too, prepare your Arms,  
Lest he return with greater Charms;  
Love's fatal and empoison'd Dart,  
Draw from my Tender, Bleeding Heart. ↓

O N T H E

*Happyness of a Retir'd Life.*

---

By Mr. CHARLES DRYDEN. Sent to  
his Father from *ITALY*.

---

**A**S in a Shipwrack some poor Sailer tost,  
By the rude Ocean, on a Foreign Coast;  
Vows to the Gods, he never more for Gain  
Will tempt the Danger of the Faithless Main:  
But hugs himself upon the friendly Shoar,  
And loves to hear the raging Billows Roar,  
That spend their Malice, and can hurt no more,  
Just so the Wretch, who can no longer stand  
The Shocks of Fortune, and is wreck'd at Land;  
Lays down the Burthen of his Cares, to find  
A Solitary Place, and Quiet Mind:

Choosing Content with Poverty to meet,  
Before a Fortune, infamously great.

Thus, in respect of Gold and Silver, Poor,  
But Rich in Soul, and Virtues better Store:  
He Digs in Nature's Mines, and from her Soil  
He Reaps the noble Harvest of his Toil;  
His Thoughts mount upward to their Mother Sky,  
And, purg'd from Dross, exert th' Etherial Energy  
The dusky prospect of his Life grows Clear,  
And Golden Scenes of Happiness appear.

Then from the Summit of Philosophy,  
Secure himself, Mankind he may descry,  
Industrious in the search of their own Misery.  
Like moiling Ants, in various paths they run,  
And strive in vain the Rubs of Life to shun.  
To different Ends their Actions they Address,  
Which meet, and center in Unhappiness.

One Toils, and Struggles, in pursuit of Fame,  
 And grasps, with greediness, an empty Name :  
 Wing'd with Ambition, others soar so high, .  
 They fall, and cannot bear so thin a Sky :  
 This Wretch, like *Crasus*, in the midst of Store  
 Sits sadly Pyning, and believes he's Poor.

The Wise Man Laughs at all their Pains, secure  
 From Lording Passions, which those Fools endure.  
 Despair and Hope are banish'd from his Breast ;  
 Agues, and Feavers that allow no Rest :  
 And Lust, and Pride, the Mother of Disdain,  
 And Thirst of Honour, with her anxious Train,  
 No longer Warring, Peace of Soul deny,  
 But Exiles of the Mind their once lov'd Mansions  
 fly.  
 Nor Love misplac'd, nor Malice now controul,  
 Right Reason's use, the Guardian of the Soul.



His Thoughts unbias'd, and no longer tost,  
Of Solid Judgment now securely Boast.  
The fierce, unruly Race of Passions dye,  
And the free'd Soul asserts her Liberty.  
Instead of inward War, Sweet Peace of Mind,  
And silent ease, with all their quiet Kind,  
The noble Regions of his Heart regain;  
And with a Calm, and gentle Empire Reign.  
*Silence* becomes an Amicable Guest,  
(Breast:  
And *Peace*, with downy Wings, sits brooding on his  
Soft Hours pass over, void of Noise, and Strife,  
And gently Waft him to the Verge of Life:  
While in a slow, and regular Decay,  
Death steals, unfelt, upon his setting Day:  
As Mellow Fruits, ungather'd, drop away.

Blest Solitude! O harmless, easie State!  
Entrencht in Wisdom, from the Storms of Fate.

Thus

Thus on a Bleaky Cliff, the Regal Tree,  
 Affail'd by Winds, and Heav'ns Inclemency,  
 Expands his Branches o're the Clouds, above  
 Their Blasts, unmov'd as his Immortal *Jove*.  
 The Gods smile on us, and propitious are,  
 When Prudence does our Actions first prepare.  
 The Stroaks of Fortune Fools alone endure;  
 The Wise and Virtuous can themselves secure.

This *Charles* of *Spain*, and *Dioclesian* knew,  
 Who timely from the conquer'd World withdrew;  
 Opprest with Fame, they laid the Burthen down,  
 And wisely, for Content exchange'd a Crown.  
 Lords of themselves, and of their Passions grown,  
 They made new *Realms* and *Conquests* of their own:  
 Nor had they need more Nations to Subdue,  
 Themselves were Emperours and Empires too :

Th' exterior Shows of Greatness they declin'd,  
*And for an Eden lost, gain'd Paradise of Mind.*

*Elisum* justly was by Poets feign'd,  
A Seat which none but quiet Souls obtain'd.  
Sweet *Myrtle* Groves (where Birds for ever Sing)  
And Meadows Smiling with Immortal Spring;  
Were secret Mansions of Eternal Rest,  
And made Retirements for the Pious Blest.

O! that kind Heav'n wou'd grant me a Retreat  
(before I dye) in some sweet Country Seat:  
Or (if my Wishes have too large a Bound)  
An humble Cottage fenc'd with *Osters* round;  
Where Silver Streams in Flow'ry Valleys glide,  
And rows of Willows deck the Rivers side,  
O with what Pleasure wou'd my Soul forego  
This Riot of a Life! this Pomp of Woe!

Supply'd

Supply'd with Food, which Nature's Bounty gave,  
In need of nothing, nothing wou'd I crave;  
My future Actions shou'd my past Redeem,  
And all my Life be suited to my Theme.

---

The

---

The Passion

Of *B Y B L I S*.

From the ninth Book of

*OVID* Metamorphosis

By *Ste. Harvey* Esq;

**L**ET the sad Fate of wretched *Byblis* prove  
 A dismal Warning to Unlawful Love;  
 One Birth gave being to the hapless Pair,  
 But more was *Caunas* than a Sister's Care;  
 Unknown she Lov'd, for yet the gentle Fire  
 Rose not in Flames, nor kindled to desire;  
 'Twas thought no Sin to wonder at his Charms,  
 Hang on his Neck, and Languish in his Arms;  
 Thus wing'd with Joy, fled the soft Hours away,  
 And all the fatal Guilt on harmless Nature lay.

But

But Love (too soon from Piety declin'd)  
 Insensibly deprav'd her yielding Mind.  
 Dress'd she appears, with nicest Art adorn'd,  
 And ev'ry Youth, but her lov'd Brother, scorn'd;  
 For him alone she labour'd to be Fair,  
 And curst all Charms that might with hers com-  
 'Twas she, and only she, must *Caurus* please, (pare.  
 Sick at her Heart, yet knew not her Disease:  
 She call'd him Lord, For Brother was a Name  
 Too cold and dull for her aspiring Flame;  
 And when he spoke, if Sister, he reply'd,  
 For *Byblis* change that frozen Word, she cry'd;  
 Yet waking still she watch'd her struggling Breast,  
 And Love's Approaches were in vain address'd,  
 Till gentle Sleep an easy Conquest made,  
 And in her Soft embrace the Conquerour was laid;

But



But oh too soon the pleasing Vision fled,  
 And left her Blushing on the conscious Bed,  
 Ah me ! (she cry'd) how monstrous do I seem?  
 Why these wild Thoughts ? and this incestuous  
 Dream?

Envy her self ('tis true) must own his Charms,  
 But what is Beauty in a Sister's Arms ?  
 Oh were I not that despicable she !  
 How Blest, how Pleas'd, how Happy shou'd I be !  
 But unregarded now must bear my Pain,  
 And, but in Dreams, my wishes can obtain :

O Sea-Born Goddess ! with thy wanton Boy !  
 Was ~~over~~ such a charming Scene of Joy ?  
 Such perfect Bliss ! such ravishing Delight !  
 Ne're hid before in the kind Shades of Night.  
 How pleas'd my Heart ! in what sweet Raptures  
 Ev'n Life it self in the soft Combat lost, (lost?)

While

While breathless he, on my heav'd Bosom lay,  
And snatch'd the Treasures of my Soul away.

If the bare Fancy so affects my Mind,  
How shou'd I rave if to the Substance join'd?  
Oh, gentle *Caunus* ! quit thy hated Line,  
Or let thy Parents be no longer mine !  
Oh that in Common all things were enjoy'd,  
But those alone who have our hopes destroy'd.  
Were I a Princess, thou an Humble Swain,  
The Proudest Kings shou'd Rival thee in vain:  
It cannot be, alas ! the dreadful Ill  
Is fix'd by Fate, and he's my Brother Still :  
Hear me, ye Gods ! I must have Friends in Heav'n,  
For *Jove* himself was to a Sister giv'n:  
But what are their Prerogatives above  
To the short Liberties of Humane Love ?

Fantaſtick thoughts ! down, down, forbidden Fires,  
Or instant Death extinguish my deſires ;  
Strict Virtue, then, with thy malicious leave,  
Without a Crime I may a Kiſs receive :  
But ſay ſhou'd I in ſpight of Laws comply,  
Yet cruel *Caunus* might himſelf deny,  
No Pity take of an afflicted Maid,  
(For Loves ſweet Game muſt be by Couples play'd)  
Yet why ſhou'd Youth, and Charms like mine  
deſpair ?

Such Fears ne're ſtartled the *Æolian* Pair,  
No ties of Blood could their full hopes deſtroy,  
They broke through all, for the prevailing Joy ;  
And who can tell but *Caunus* too may be  
Rack'd and Tormented in his Breſt for me ?  
Like me, to the extreameſt Anguiſh drove,  
Like me, juſt waking from a Dream of Love :

But stay ! Oh whither wou'd my Fury run !  
 What Arguments I urge to be undone !  
 Away fond *Byblis*, quench these guilty Flames ;  
*Cannus* thy Love but as a Brother claims ;  
 Yet had he first been touch'd with Love of me,  
 The charming Youth cou'd I despairing see ?  
 Oppress'd with Grief, and Dying by Disdain ?  
 Ah no ! too sure I shou'd have eas'd his pain:  
 Since then, if *Cannus* ask'd me, it were done,  
 Asking my self, what dangers can I run ?  
 But canst thou ask ? and see that right betray'd  
 From *Pyrrha* down to thy whole Sex convey'd ?  
 That self-denying Gift we all enjoy,  
 Of wishing to be won, yet seeming to be coy :  
 Well then, for once, let a fond Mistress woe,  
 The force of Love no Custom can subdue ;  
 This frantick Passion he by words shall know,  
 Soft as the melting *Heart* from whence they flow.

The

The Pencil then in her fair Hand she held,  
By Fear discourag'd, but by Love compell'd;  
She Writes, then Blots, Writes on, and Blots a-  
gain,

Likes it as fit, then razes it as vain;  
Shame, and Assurance in her Face appear,  
And a faint Hope just yielding to Despair;  
Sister was Wrote, and Blotted as a Word  
Which she, and *Caunus* too (she hop'd) abhor'd,  
But now resolv'd to be no more controul'd,  
By Scrupulous Virtue, thus her Grief she told.

“Thy Lover (gentle *Caunus*) wishes thee  
“That health, which thou alone canst give to me  
“O charming Youth, the Gift I ask bestow,  
“E're thou the Name of the fond Writer know;  
“To thee without a Name I would be known,  
“Since knowing that, my Frailty I must own;

"Yet why shou'd I my wretched Name conceal?"

"When thousand Instances my Flames reveal:

"Wan Looks, and weeping Eyes, have spoke my  
Pain;

(vain;  
"And Sighs discharg'd from my heav'd Heart in

"Had I not wish'd my Passion might be seen,

**"What cou'd such Fondness and Embraces mean?"**

"Such Kisses too! (Oh heedless lovely Boy)

**"Without a Crime no Sister could Enjoy :**

"Yet (tho' extreamest Rage has rack'd my Soul,

"And raging Fires in my parch'd Bosom Roul)

"Be Witnesses, Gods! how piously I strove

"To rid my Thoughts of this enchanting Love.

"But who cou'd scape so fierce, and fure a Dart,

## "Aim'd at a Tender and Defenceless Heart?"

"Alas! what Maid cou'd suffer, I have born,

"E're the dire secret from my Breast was torn,



"To thee a helpless vanquish'd Wretch I come,

"'Tis you alone can save, or give my Doom,

"My Life or Death, this Moment you may chuse,

"Yet think, Oh think, no hated Stranger sues,

"No Foe, but one, Alas! too near ally'd,

"And wishing still much nearer to be ty'd.

"The Forms of Decency let Age debate,

"And Virtues Rules by their Cold Morals state,

"Their ebbing Joys give Leafure to inquire,

"And blame those noble Flights our Youth in-  
spire:

"Where Nature kindly summons let us go,

"Our sprightly Years no bounds in Love shou'd  
know,

"Shou'd feel no check of Guilt, and fear no Ill,

"Lovers and Gods act all things at their Will:

"We gain one Blessing from our hated Kin,

"Since our Paternal Freedom hides the Sin,

"Uncen-

"Uncensur'd in each others Arms we lye,  
"Think then how easy to compleat our Joy :  
"Oh pardon and oblige a blushing Maid,  
"Whose Rage the pride of her vain Sex betray'd,  
"Nor let my Tomb thus mournfully complain,  
"Here *Byblis* lies, by her lov'd *Caurus* Slain.

Forc'd here to end, she with a falling Tear  
Temper'd the plyant Wax, which did the Signet  
bear :

The curious Cypher was impress'd by Art,  
But Love had stamp'd one deeper in her Heart ;  
Her Page, a Youth of Confidence and Skill,  
(Secret as Night) stood waiting on her Will,  
Sighing (she cry'd) bear this (thou faithful Boy)  
To my sweet Part'ner in eternal Joy :

Here a long pause her secret Guilt confess'd,  
And when at length she would have spoke the  
rest,  
Half the dear Name lay buried in her Breast.

Thus as he listned to her vain Command,  
Down fell the Letter from her trembling Hand  
The Omen Shock'd her Soul: Yet go (she cry'd)  
Can a Request from *Byblis* be deny'd?

To the *Maandrian* Youth's this Message born,  
The half-read Lines by his fierce Rage were torn:  
Hence, hence, he cry'd, thou Pandar to her Lust,  
Bear hence the Triumph of thy Impious Trust:  
Thy Instant Death will but divulge her Shame,  
Or thy Life's Blood should quench the Guilty Flame

Frighted

Frighted, from threatening *Caunus* he withdrew,  
And with the dreadful News to his lost Mistress  
flew.

The sad Repulse so struck the Wounded Fair,  
Her Sense was buried in her wild Despair,  
Pale was her Visage as the Ghastly Dead,  
And her scar'd Soul from the sweet Mansion fled ;  
Yet with her Life renew'd, her Love returns,  
And faintly thus her cruel Fate she mourns :  
'Tis just, ye Gods ! was my false Reason blind ?  
To Write a secret of this tender kind ?  
With Female Craft I shou'd at first have strove,  
By dubious Hints to Sound his distant Love,  
And try'd those useful (tho' dissembl'd) Arts  
Which Women Practice on disdainful Hearts ;  
I shou'd have watch'd whence the Black Storm  
might rise,  
Ere I had trusted the unfaithful Skies,

Now on the rowling Billows I am tost,  
And with extended Sails, on the *blind Shelves* am lost.  
Did not indulgent Heav'n my Doom foretell,  
When from my Hand the fatal Letter fell?  
What Madness seiz'd my Soul? And urg'd me on  
To take the only Course to be undone?  
I cou'd my self have told the moving Tale  
With such alluring Grace as must prevail;  
Then had his Eyes beheld my blushing Fears,  
My rising Sighs, and my descending Tears;  
Round his dear Neck these Arms I then had spread,  
And, if rejected, at his Feet been Dead:  
If singly these had not his Thoughts inclin'd,  
Yet all united wou'd have Shock'd his Mind.  
Perhaps, my careless Page might be in Fault,  
And in a luckless Hour the fatal Message brought,

Business and Worldly Thoughts might fill his  
Breast,

Sometimes ev'n Love it self may be an *Irk*some Guest:  
He cou'd not else have treated me with Scorn,  
For *Caunus* was not of a Tygres born,  
Not Steel nor Adamant has fenc'd his Heart,  
Like mine 'tis naked to the burning Dart.

Away false Fears! he must, he shall be mine,  
In Death alone I will my Claim resign;  
'Tis vain to wish my written Crime unknown,  
And for my Guilt much vainer to atone.  
Repuls'd, and hasted, fiercer still she Burns,  
And *Caunus* with Disdain her impious Love returns.  
He saw no end of her injurious Flame,  
And fled his Country to avoid the Shame;



Forfaken *Byblis*, who had hopes no more,  
Burft out in Rage, and her loofe Robes ſhe tore,  
With her fair Hands ſhe ſmote her tender Breaf,  
And to the wondring World her Love confeſs'd ;  
O're Hills and Dales, o're Rocks and Streams ſhe  
flew,  
But ſtill in vain did her wild Luſt purſue ;  
Wearied at length on the cold Earth ſhe fell,  
And now in Tears alone cou'd her ſad Story tell.  
Relenting Gods, in Pity, fix'd her there,  
And to a *Fountain* turn'd the weeping Fair.

THE

THE FIRST BOOK  
OF  
*VIRGIL's* Georgicks.

Translated into

ENGLISH VERSE

By the Right Honourable

JOHN Earl of *LAUDERDALE*.

**F**ields to improve, and when to till the Ground,  
How creeping Vines to lofty *Elms* are bound,  
To breed great Cattle, and the bleating kind,  
What Art or Nature has for Bees design'd:  
My Muse *Macenas* now begins to sing.  
Fountains of Light, from whom the Seasons spring,  
*Bacchus*, and *Ceres*, since your Pow'r Divine,  
For Acorns gave us Grain, for Water Wine,

Ye

Ye Fauns propitious to the lab'ring Swain,  
 I sing your Gifts, ye *Dryads* of the Plain;  
 Favour my Lays great *Neptune* on the Main,  
 Who by your mighty Pow'r, and *Trident's* Force,  
 Rais'd from th' *Athenian* Shore the Warlike Horse.  
 You Guardian of the Woods and *Sylvan* Toil,  
 Whose Milky Doves crop *Cæa's* fertile Isle,  
 If *Menalus* and *Tegea* be your Care,  
 Great *Pan* leave thy *Lycean* Groves, and to my Aid  
*Minerva* (for to you we *Olives* owe)  
*Osiris* who invented first the Plough,  
*Sylvanus* who makes *Cypress* Trees to grow,  
 You Rural Gods who Guard the Teeming Earth,  
 By Nurling showers can new-form'd Grain bring  
 forth.

*Cæsar*, since you, with Fate, and Pow'rs above,  
 Conceal the Sphere, your Deity shall move;

Shall you to Cities and to Thrones give Law?  
 Or Corn, and Corn-producing Seasons aw?  
 With *Mirtle* crown'd, to *Thule* o're the Main,  
 With *Thetis* Rule, and over Seamen Reign:  
 Wou'd you a Heav'nly Sign the *Zodiaque* grace,  
 Betwixt *Erigone*, and *Scorpion's* place?

Who now to streighter Bounds his Claws confines,  
 And more than half of all his Heav'n resigns.

What, God above, you are design'd to be,  
 For Hell dares never hope a King like thee,  
 Nor thy great Soul with such a Throne agree.

Tho' dreaming *Greeks Elisian* Fields admire,  
 And *Trivia* slights her Mother's kind desire.

Prosper my Bold attempt, and ease my Pains,  
 Both Pity me, and the laborious Swains:  
 Conduct us safe through the unbeaten way,  
 And use your self to hear us when we pray.

The Spring returning when the Snowy Hills  
Unvail their tops, and swell the gentle Rills ;  
When Western Winds dissolve the mellow Soil,  
My well-fed Bullocks then begin your Toil,  
Then to the Yoke your Brawny Shoulders yield,  
Then let the Shining Plowshares cleave the Field.  
From Winter Grain, that's sown in Fallow Mould,  
Twice warm'd by Summer, and twice nipp'd by  
Cold,

Your Granaries shall scarce the product hold.

But e're you untry'd Grounds begin to Plough,  
The reigning Winds, and Climates temper know:  
Find out the Nature of the Mould with Care,  
And what is proper for each Soil to bear :  
This Corn produces, there rich Wines abound,  
Here Fruit Trees loaded Branches hide the Ground,  
(Without Manuring) there kind Nature yields  
Luxuriant Pastures, and the Grassy Fields.

On *Tmolus* Hill you see the *Saffron* grow,  
 And *Ivory*, where *Indus* Streams o'reflow,  
*Sabea* Shrubs weep *Incense*, *Balsom*, *Gums* ;  
 The *Martial Steel* from *Chalybs* River comes ;  
 The *Beaver-Stones* on *Pontus* Shores are found,  
*Olimpick-Mares* Feed on *Epirus* Ground.  
 To ev'ry Land great Nature has assign'd  
 A certain Lot, which Laws eternal Bind.  
 E're since *Deucalion* through the empty Space  
 Threw Stones, and rais'd Mankinds obdurate Race.  
 Rich Grounds plough strongly, when the Year's  
     begun,  
 Expose the Clods to dry with Summer's Sun.  
 In Autumn slightly till your Barren Land,  
 Left choaking Weeds the springing Seed com-  
     mand,  
 Or nursing Sap forsake th' unfruitful Sand.

By



By Intervals your Ground forbear to Sow,  
That so the Mould by rest may harder grow,  
Or change your Seed, and for each Crop of *Wheat*,  
A Crop of *Vetches*, *Pease*, or *Beans* repeat.  
*Flax*, *Oats*, and *Poppy*, burn the tender Soil,  
Yet Sow by turns, they'll recompence your Toil.

Throw *Dung* and *Asbes*, on your hungry Fields,  
As rest, the change of Seed advantage yields:  
From burning of the Soil great Profit's found,  
When crackling stubble, Flames through barren  
Ground,

The Earth from thence, (by Nature's secret Laws)  
Some strengthning Nourishment or Virtue draws,  
Or purg'd by Fire, which hurtful Moisture drains,  
Or for the fruitful Sap unlocks her Veins,  
Or if too wide by raging Flames confin'd,  
Resists *Apollo's* Beams, and Blasting Wind.

He who with Rakes and Harrows breaks the  
Is Blest by *Ceres*, and the Rural Gods: (Clods,

Who with a constant and unwearied Hand  
Manures the furrow'd Ground, then smooths  
the Land,

Shall Monarch-like the stubborn Soil command.

To Pow'rs Divine ye Ploughmen make your  
Pray'r,

That Summers Moist, that Winters may be Fair;  
For Dusty Winters cheer the teeming Earth,  
Which Loads, instead of Crops of Wheat bring  
forth.

Such kindly Seasons are to *Mysia* giv'n, (Heav'n.

Thus *Gargara's* Fields are Blest by bounteous

Shall I next sing the Swain? the Seed once Sown,

Who breaks less Fertile Clods. And then sets on

The gentle Streams, or from a *Hillocks* Brow

(In burning Heats) makes rapid Torrents flow,

Through

Through Pebles rouding with a murm'ring Sound;  
 The Corn refresh, and cool the thirsty Ground.

Or Sing of him, who when the Furrows height  
 The Corn hath reach'd, lest bounteous Nature's  
 Weight

O're charge the Root, with careful Hand he tares,  
 And in the Blade Crops off Luxuriant Ears.  
 Or here relate the Ploughman's Toil and Pains,  
 Who from his stagnate Ground the Moisture  
 drains

In Spring and Harvest, when the swelling Floods  
 With Muddy Slime o'reflow the tepid Clods.  
 While Men and Cattle thus bestow their Pains,  
 The bitter *Endius* shade, *Strymonian Cranes*,  
 And rav'nous *Geese* are hurtful to the Grains. }

The Tillage first great *Jove* uneasie made,  
 And turn'd the Gift of Nature to a Trade,

He mortal Breasts provok'd to Care and Pain,  
 And banish'd Sloth from his more active reign :  
 Before his time the Ground no Ploughman till'd,  
 The Land no Masters knew, nor Bounds the Field.  
 For all lay common, and the Lib'ral Earth  
 Solicited by none, for all brought forth.  
 He stings to Serpents gave, made *Wolves* to prey,  
 And rais'd loud Storms and Tempests on the Sea.  
*Honey* which dropt before from leaves of Trees,  
 He hid in Flow'rs, new Labour for the Bees.  
 He harmless Fire to flinty Rocks did bind,  
 And streams of Wine to cluster'd *Grapes* confin'd.  
 Arts to invent, inur'd Mankind to Toil,  
 To earn their Living from the stubborn Soil.  
 Then Boats of hollow Trees depress'd the Streams,  
 New Stars the Seamen number'd, gave them  
 Names,

These which compose the *Bull*, and these the *Bear*.  
Men then found out for smaller Beasts the Snare,  
Hounds for the nobler Game the Woods beset,  
With Birdlime caught the Fowl, for Fish the

Net

In Pools they threw, or in the Ocean wet.  
Men then found out the use of murth'ring Steel,  
And *Oaks* the rugged Saw for Wedges feel.  
Thus useful Arts were first found out of old,  
And Want and Labour made Invention bold.  
When to Mankind *Dodona* Aid deny'd,  
Nor Fruit, nor *Acorns* for their Food supply'd,  
Then bounteous *Ceres* Mortals Tillage taught,  
That heav'nly Blessing Curse and Labour brought.  
For Mildews blast the Stalks, and rot the Seeds,  
The Lands oppress'd with *Thistles*, *Burrs*, and *Weeds*,  
Thick *Bryers*, and *Brambles* choak the rising Grain,  
And o're the Fields wild *Oats*, and *Darnel* reign.

With

With Rakes, and Harrows *Ceres* Foes pursue,  
Implore the Gods for Rain, and kindly Dew,  
And fright with sounds the Birds which Corn in-  
vade :

With Pruning-hooks lop off the leafy Shade,  
Or you in vain your Neighbours Wealth shall  
mourn,

And for your former Food to *Oaks* return.

Next sturdy Ploughmens needful Tools I shew,  
(For without these they neither Reap, nor Sow)  
And first of all, the Ploughs unweildy Load,  
Next *Ceres* Wains, which slowly beat the Road,  
*Flails*, *Sleads*, and *Hurdles* by King *Celeus* found,  
And Harrows drag'd with toil through labour'd  
Ground,

With *Bacchus* mystick Vans, all these prepare  
In time, wou'd you the Rural Glories share,



Young *Elms* with mighty force in Copes bow,  
 To shape them for the handles guide the Plough,  
 To which the Beam of Eight Foot long is joyn'd,  
 The Head the massive Sock and mould-board  
 bind :

(*Lime* the Yoke  
 Plough Tails which turn the Wheels of *Beech*, of  
 Is made, and both are try'd by Fire and Smoak.  
 Most of the Antient Rules I can declare,  
 Unless you shun those meaner Cares to hear.

Your threshing Floar delve, mix with *Clay*, and  
 beat

(*Hear*  
 With Rulers smooth, left parch'd with Summer's  
 It chap and cleave, or noisom Weeds arise,  
 (For crouds of Foes invade the Ploughman's Joys)  
 There Field-Mice keep their Stores, and there  
 the Mole

(Condemn'd to darkness) blindly works her Hole.

Such Earth-born Vermin ev'ry where abound,  
 The *Toad* in little Caverns taints the Ground;  
 The *Corn-devouring Weefels* here reside,  
 And *Ants*, foreseeing Age, for want provide.  
 Consider well the *Almonds* in the Wood,  
 If Buds and Flow'rs the fragrant Branches load,  
 Your seed that Summer yields a mighty Crop:  
 But if superfluous leafs the Boughs o'retop,  
 That Year your Threshing-Floar you beat in vain,  
 And nought but *Chaff* and *Straw* expect for *Grain*.  
 Many, I see, to aid the tardy Soil,  
 Their Seed with *Nitre* mix, and Lees of *Oyle*,  
 To fill the Husks, deceive the Lab'rours toil;  
 Then pick with labour, and expose to heat  
 At gentle Fires, the hurtful Sap to sweat,  
 Yet still degenerates, unless with care  
 You cull the fairest Seed for ev'ry Year.

Thus cruel Fate on all things here below  
Imprints decay, and all must backwards go,  
To stem a Tide, thus eager Seamen row;  
But if they slack their Hands, in vain they strive,  
For down the Stream with Violence they drive.

Besides the Swains I equally advise,  
To mark the Days the *Kids* and *Dragon* rise,  
And when *Arcturus* Shines in *Northern Skies*:  
As those who homewards make their foaming  
way,

Through *Hellespontus* Oyster-breeding Sea.

When *Libra* holds the Beam of equal height,  
Weighs Shades with Day, and Darkness with  
the Light :

Then till your Ground, your *Winter Corn* then Sow,  
Till cold *December's* blust'ring Tempests blow.  
*Poppey* and *Line-feed*, when the Gleebe is dry,  
Be sure to sow, and catch a settled Sky.

Sow *Beans* and *Cinquefoin* in a Mellow Soil,  
 And *Millet* rising from your Annual Toil;  
 Then when the *Bull* unlocks the springing Year,  
 When backward *Argos* Star forsakes the Sphere.

If you design a mighty Crop of Wheat,  
 First in the West let fairest *Maja* set :  
 With rising *Phæbus* let her Sisters hide,  
 And the bright *Crown* adorns Great *Bacchus* Bride;  
 (The Harvest ended) sow, and trust your hope  
 To lingring Clods, for the succeeding Crop.  
 Who sow before the *Pleiades* go down,  
 Shall see to Chaff their Expectation blown.

But wou'd you *Fasel*, and poor *Fitches* sow,  
 Or wou'd you have *Egyptian Lentils* grow;  
 Begin when fair *Calisto* downward bends,  
 And then continue till mid-Winter ends.  
 The Sun the World by equal shares maintains,  
 And thro' *Twelve Signs*, inshrind with *Glory* reigns;

The Heav'ns five *Zones* divide, the midmost burns  
With glowing heat, while scorching *Phæbus* turns;  
On either hand, the two Extreams bend low,  
Still stiff with Ice, and spread Eternal Snow.  
From bounds of chilling Cold, to fiery Heat,  
The Gods have for poor Mortals fix'd a Seat:  
The *Zodiaque* Cross these two in Oblique Line,  
Where Twelve Celestial Signs in order Shine.  
Two *Poles* the *Globe* turn round, this seen to rise  
O're *Scithian* Hills, and that in *Africk's* Skies:  
This shines o're head, to those in *Europe* dwell,  
That to th' *Antipodes*, and shades of Hell.  
Round this the Dragon's spiral Volumes glide,  
Which, River-like, the *Northern Bears* divide, }  
Who dread their Bodies in the *Waves* to hide. }  
Round that uninterrupted Night sustains  
Her gloomy Empire, and in Silence reigns;

Or when *Aurora* from our Heav'n declines,  
 She thither flies, in Rosie splendour shines :  
 And when her *Courfers* breath our *Morning* Rays,  
 There *Hesperus* pale Fire shuts up the Days.  
 From hence we may uncertain Seasons know,  
 Both when to reap the Grain, and when to sow ;  
 When we may trust the raging of the Sea,  
 When well-arm'd *Navies* may their *Sheets* display :  
 The proper time to fell and tumble down  
 Tall Pines, which shade the lofty Mountains  
 Crown.

Observe the Planets, and the Stars, with care,  
 Both when they rise, and when they disappear.  
 Mark how the Seasons in their turns succeed,  
 Which in four parts the circling Year divide.

By Winter kept at home, the *Swains* prepare  
 To save their labour, when the days are fair ;



He Plough-Shares grinds, he hollows Troughs  
and Barques,

His Sacks he Numbers, and his Cattle marks :

Some Hedge-Poles make, some Forks, some tye  
the Vines,

And he, for Baskets, bending Willows twines.

Now dry your Wheat, and now with Marble  
grind.

Nor are the *Swains* on Holy days confin'd  
From all their Toils, Law and Religion yield,  
Your Grounds to Water, and to fence your Field;  
To set the Snares for Birds, or Brambles Fire,  
Or wash your Sheep, if so their Health require;  
Or drive your Afs to Town, with Fruit and Oyl,  
Whence Pitch, and Hand-mills, load him home  
with Toil.

For work, and labour, ev'ry changing Moon  
Gives lucky days, the Fifth be sure to shun :

It gave to *Pluto*, and the *Furies* Birth,  
 On it *Typhæus* (born of teeming Earth)  
 With *Cæus* and *Japetus*, were brought forth :  
 And *Titan*'s cruel Race, so bold to dare  
 Invade the Skies, and with the Gods make War.  
*Offa* by them on *Pelion* thrice was thrown,  
*Olympus* thrice did lofty *Offa* Crown,  
*Jove* thrice with Thunder struck the *Mountains* (down.  
 Next to the Tenth, the Sev'nth to plant the *Vine*  
 Is lucky, then unbroken *Bullocks* joyn ;  
 Then *Weavers* stretch your *Stays* upon the *Waft*.  
 The Ninth for Trav'ling's good, and ill for Theft.  
 Some works by cool of Night are better done,  
 Or when the Dew prevents the rising Sun ;  
 Parch'd *Meadows*, and dry *Stubble* Mow by Night,  
 Then moisture reigns, which flies *Apollo*'s light.

Some watch, and Torches sharp with cleaving  
Knives,

Till late by Winter Fires ; their careful Wives  
To ease their Labour, glad the homely Rooms  
With chearful Notes, while Weaving on their  
Looms :

Or else in *Kettles* boyl *New-Wine*, and skim (brim.  
The Dregs with Leafs, when they o're-flow the  
But reap your Yellow Grain with glowing heat,  
And on your *Floar*, with scorching *Phæbus* beat.  
When days are clear, then naked *Till* and *Sow*,  
In lazy Winter, Lab'ers lazy grow :  
For that's a jovial time, when jovial *Swains*  
Meet, and in *Feasting* waste their *Summer's* Gains.  
(As Seamen come to Port from stormy Seas,  
First Crown their Vessels, then indulge their ease.)

Yet



Yet that's the time to gather in the Wood,  
*Berries of Bays, or Mirtles* stain'd with *Blood*;  
*Olives, or Acorns,* your Fore-Fathers Food.  
 Set *Gins* for *Cranes*, with *Toils* the *Staggs* inclose,  
 Then *Hunt* the *Hare*, with *Slings* pursue the *Does*;  
 Then when the *Fields* are cover'd o're with *Snow*,  
 And *Icy Crusts* on rapid *Rivers* grow.

Shall I *Autumnal Stars* and *Signs* relate?  
 When days growv shorter, and the *Heats* abate.  
 Or shall I here instruct the *Lab'ring Swain*,  
 How to fore-see vvhat *Storms* in *Harvest* reign?  
 Or when their *Show'rs* the *Springing Seasons* end,  
 And standing *Corn* like waving *Surges* bend,  
 And *Ears* of *Wheat* their *Husks* with *Milk* di-  
 stend.

Oft have I seen the *Farmer* to the *Field*  
 His *Reapers* lead, while they crook'd *Sickles* wield,

And

And grasp the brittle *Stalks*, with dreadful sound,  
The *jarring Winds* range the whole *compass* round,  
And by the *Roots* the *Stem* tear from the *Ground*:  
While *Eddy-Winds* vvith tovv'ring *Whirlings* bear  
A loft the lighter *Straw*, through troubled *Air*;  
Then a prodigious Plump of Shoarless *Floods*  
Breaks from the Skie, and bursts high gather'd  
Clouds.

The Heav'n descends, and deluges the plain,  
And renders all the *Bullocks* Labour vain,  
The unreap'd Seed is bury'd once again.  
Torrents and Rivers swell vvith hideous roars,  
The boyling *Ocean* beats the trembling *Shoars*;  
Amidst the gloomy horror, *Jove* from high  
His *Lightning* flings through the *tempestuous Skie*,  
And shakes the mighty *Globe*, while *Man* and *Beast*  
Fly or fall dovvn, vvith sudden fear oppress;



Gainst *Rhodope* he flaming Thunders throws,  
Thus strikes *Epirus* Hills, and steep Mount *Athos*  
glows.

The Winds and Rain increase, the Forrests round  
And neighb'ring Shoars repeat the dismal found.

If this you fear, observe the Monthly Signs,  
And Planets Aspects, thus their Vertue shines, }  
Joyn'd in direct, oppos'd in oblique Lines.

See to what House cold *Saturn's* Beams repair,  
Or how *Cyllenius* points his erring Star.

But first of all Immortal Powers adore,  
With grateful Victims *Ceres* aid implore, }  
And joyful on the Grass her Annual Rites restore.

Then *Lambs* are fat, and the delicious Wine,  
And shady Hills, to pleasing Sleep incline.

When grizly Winter with his Storms is gone,  
And Spring returns, with the returning Sun :

Then you, and all your Village-Neighbours joyn,

And



And offer *Honey*, mix'd with *Milk* and *Wine*,  
 To *Ceres* mighty Name, in solemn guise  
 Conduct thrice round your Fields the destin'd  
     Sacrifice.

With all your Rural Train in Chorus sing;  
 And to your homes with Vows the Goddess bring.  
 Nor is it Lawful to unload the Ground,  
 Till you these Rites perform with joyful sound;  
 And Dance, and sing her Praise, with *Oaken-*  
     *Garlands* Crown'd.

Yet that you may by sure Remarks foresee  
 Heat, Rain, and blustering Winds by *Jove's* decree;  
 The Monthly Circlings of the Moon foreshew,  
 The signs forerun, when Winds desist to blow;  
 And if the prudent Farmer heed this Law,  
 He will his Cattle near his Stables draw.  
 But e're the Winds extend their Threatning  
 From Lofty Mountains comes a rushing noise,

The

The *Ocean* works, and swells, and beats the shoar  
 From far, the *Forrests* send a murm'ring roar.  
 Then Ships can scarcely live in rowling Waves,  
 Soon as the *Ducker* distant Billows leaves;  
 And stretches to the Land with piercing cry.  
 When to the Sandy Shoar the *Fen-ducks* ply,  
 Or when the *Hern* her fenny Marsh forsakes;  
 And through the Clouds her airy Journey takes.  
 Oft you shall see, before great Winds arise, (Skies;  
 (What we call) falling Stars, shbot through the  
 Leaving behind a gleam of trailing light  
 Through gloomy Air, and humid shades of Night.  
 Dry Leafs and Straw, whisk through the Air by  
 And on the Water Feathers swim and play. (day,  
 If Thunder from fierce *Boreas* Empire sound,  
 Then all the Villages and Fields are drown'd.  
 If when two Winds from sev'ral Coasts contest,  
 At once it Thunder, both from East and West:

The Mariners at Sea<sup>h</sup>and in their Sails.

Rain unprepar'd no Mortal e're affails,

The *Cranes* from *Fens* and Valleys see it rise,

And cut their Airy flight through liquid Skies.

*Bullocks* turn up their Noses in the Air,

And snuff, and smell it coming from a-far.

Circling the Ponds and Lakes, Thrill *Swifts* ye  
view;

*Frogs* croke in Mud, and their old Plaints renew.

The *Ants* through narrow paths their Eggs con-  
vey :

And, at both ends, the Rain-Bow drinks the Sea.

The *Rav'ns*, from feeding, in great flocks appear,

And croke with noisy flutt'ring through the Air.

Most Water-Fowl, but above all the rest

The *Swans* in *Ana's* Lake who build their Nest,

Who *Worms* and *Insects* pick, and seek their Food

In Flowry Meadows, near *Caystrus* Flood ;

With

With Sable Oars they cut the *Silver Wave*,  
 Their Snowy Backs, their rustling *Pennons* lave;  
 Now to the Stream they throw their *Arched Crests*,  
 Then rush through Billows with their downy  
 Breasts;

And now they dive, now clap their *Wings*, in vain  
 They strive to wash their *Plumes*, still pure from  
 stain,

But still they bathe, and that's a sign of Rain.

The sullen *Rook* steps on dry Sand alone,  
 And bawls for Rain, in a hoarse-sounding tone.  
*Maids* Rain foresee, who work their nightly lots,  
 From sparkling Lamps, and Smoak congeal'd to  
 knots.

As these of Rain, so Rain once past appear  
 Sure signs of Sun-shine, and of settled fair:

The *Stars* then shine with smarter *Fires* by *Night*,  
And rising *Phæbe* shews so flaming bright,  
As not depending on her Brother's light.  
No streaming Clouds in thin extended streaks  
Fly thro' the Azure Skie like Woolly flakes.  
Nor *Thetis Halcyons* bask upon the Sand,  
Nor to the Sun, their glist'ring Wings expand.  
The *Hog* forgets to shred and tofs about  
Bundles of Straw, with his polluted Snout.  
The Rack flies lower; and the Clouds descend,  
And o're the Grassy Plains and Vales impend.  
The shrieking *Owl*, on lofty Roofs alone,  
With silence views *Apollo's* Beams go down.  
*Nisus* appears aloft in open Air,  
Poor *Scylla* dearly pays his fatal Hair,  
Where-e're to shun her Mortal Foe she flies,  
*Nisus* pursues her whizzing thro' the Skies;



Where-e're he cuts his way thro' fleeting Air,  
 She flies him still, her hast's inspir'd by fear.  
 Next *Rooks* on Trees, with strain'd and croking  
 Throats,

Redouble oft their shrill resounding Notes;  
 Struck with unusual Joy, (the Rain now past)  
 They chatter thro' the *Boughs*, and then in haste }  
 Review their Callow young, and pleasing Nest: }  
 I cannot think, their *Breasts* from *Heav'n* are fir'd,  
 Or with Fore-sight above their Fate inspir'd.

But when the temper of the Elements,  
 By moist'ning Winds, to moist from dry relents,  
 That turn of Nature has the influence,  
 Thick to dissolve, and what was thin condense:  
 This frequent Change, all that has Life inspires }  
 With other motions, and with new desires, }  
 Than when the Air was rent with Storms and }  
 Fires.



From hence these Concerts, *Bird* with *Bi*'s agrees,  
*Sheep* sport in Fields, and *Rooks* who perch on  
Trees.

Observe th' all-liv'ning Sun, who in a Year  
His Cycle runs around the Starry Sphere ;  
The Moon in ev'ry Month performs the same,  
With motions juſted to his brighter Flame :  
To Morrow's dawn ſhall never cauſe your fear,  
Or Night deceive you, when Stars twinkle clear.  
When *Phæbe* firſt new-borrow'd Light receives,  
And in her Orb her Brother's Courſers leaves,  
If ſhe round gloomy Air dull Horns diſplay,  
It ſurely Rains, both on the Land, and Sea ;  
But if a glowing Red o're-ſpread her Face,  
Then Winds prepare their Courſers for the Race :  
That Virgin Goddeſs is to bluſh inclin'd,  
Before the riſing of Tempeſtuous Wind.

If the fourth Night a clear and Silver Face,  
 And pointed Horns, the changing Goddess grace;  
 Next day, and all its Race, shall calmly shine,  
 Till she again her Brother's Globe conjoyn.  
 This is the surest Rule, heed well this day  
 Ye Seamen, and to *Panopea* pay  
 And *Glaucus* Vows, for Dangers scap'd at Sea. }  
 The Sun declares the temper of the Air,  
 Both when he sets, and when his Beams appear :  
 And Signs infallible attend his way,  
 From Orient Floods, to *Thetis* Western Sea.  
 If when he rises from the Eastern Main,  
 Dull Cloudy Spots his Glorious Face distaine;  
 Or yet behind a dark'ning Cloud retire,  
 Obscuring half of his incircled Fire ;  
 Then Rainy South-Winds from the *Billows* spring,  
 Ruine to *Corn*, to *Trees*, and *Cattle* bring.

If Clouds disjoyn'd on the Celestial Blue  
 Leave voids, by which his stragling Beams strike <sup>(through;</sup>  
 If leaving *Tithon's* Bed, the Rosy Morn  
 With paler Rays her fainting Looks adorn,  
 Alas that day! how shall Vine Leafs defend  
 The cluster'd *Grapes*, which nursing *Branches* bend,  
 When storms of Hail on Towns their Fury  
 spend.

But it behoves thee more to view the Sun,  
 When he his Course has round *Olympus* run;  
 For oft his Glorious Visage changes Hue,  
 It Rain denotes, if it decline to Blue;  
 And Wind fore-tells, if of a fiery Red:  
 If dusky spots with fiery streaks o're-spread  
 His radiant Looks, such dismal Signs declare  
 Winds, Rain, and Tempest, Elemental War.

For Sea, (that threatning Night) no Earthly  
Pow'r

Shall tempt to haul my Cables from the Shoar.

If the all-chearing God shine Native bright,  
Both when he brings the Day, and yields the  
Skie to Night,

In vain the thoughts of *Storms* your *Mind* afright.

Fair *Aquilonius* from the North shall fly, (Skie;

And gently move the Wood, and breath an Azure

Besides the Sun shall *Hesperus* direct,

And shew what from his Pow'r you may expect;

If from the South it blows, a Rainy Skie,

Or from what Quarter dryer Vapours fly;

And who dares give the source of Light the lye?

Besides all these the Sun oft-times declares

Murthers, Seditions, Tumults, Treasons, Wars.

He

He, pitying *Rome*, when mighty *Cæsar's* Blood  
 By Murth'ring Hands was shed; within a Cloud  
 Of Iron hue did all his Luster shroud :

Hid from ungrateful Men his Heav'nly Light,  
 That impious Age fear'd an Eternal Night.

These Wounds ev'n hurt the Sea, made Earth to  
 bleed,

Dogs, and ill-boding *Birds*, foretold the deed.  
 How oft from *Etna's* thundring Caverns came  
 Vast Globes of Fire, and Subterranean Flame,  
 From its torn Entrails fiery Torrents soar  
 Of melted Rock, and make the Clouds their <sup>(Shoar</sup>  
 Clanging of Arms all round the *German* Air,  
 Amaz'd their stubborn Hearts with Ghastly Fear.  
 The frozen *Alps* a dreadful Earthquake moves,  
 Loud Crys were heard in sacred silent Groves.  
 Pale Ghosts and Spectres with surprizing fright  
 Were seen to walk, thro' gloomy shades of Night.

What's



What's more prodigious, Beasts like Men brought  
forth

A human Voice, then yawn'd the gaping Earth,  
The Rivers stop'd, the Statues of the Gods  
(Of Ivory) for Grief wept Briny Floods.  
Cold Sweat in drops from Holy Altars fell.  
Above his Banks *Po's* raging Waters swell ;  
He o're the Fields with boundless Fury stray'd,  
And Flocks and Houses to the Sea convey'd.  
In ev'ry Victim some Portent appear'd, (heard  
Blood sprang in Wells, by Night the *Wolves* were  
Howling in Towns. All-mighty *Jove* from high  
Ne're threw such Lightnings through an azure  
Skie ;

Such Thunder ne're was heard, nor ever seen  
So many, and so dreadful Comets shine.  
Then curst *Philippi's* Fields saw once again  
Pile against Pile, by *Romans Romans* slain.



For to the Pow'rs Immortal it seem'd just,  
That *Roman* Blood twice stain'd *Pharsalian* dust.  
The time shall come, that the laborious *Swain*  
Shall Plough up rusty Piles in *Hemus* Plain,  
And when void *Casques* are by his Harrow rais'd,  
To view, Gygantick Bones shall stand amaz'd.  
O *Roman* Gods! (who once were Mortal) hear;  
Great Mother *Vesta* to our Pray'rs give Ear:  
You who defend the *Roman* State and Tow'rs,  
You who protect *Etrurian* *Tyber's* Shoars;  
O do not then your mighty Pow'r engage,  
To hinder *Casar* to relieve the Age.  
Too oft, alas! have *Romans* been undone,  
For perjurd falshood of *Laomedon*.  
*Casar* the Gods your absence long complain,  
And envy Mortals your Triumphant Reign:

Since

Since Force, and Treason, Just, and Right con-  
 found,  
 And o're the *Globe*, *Blood*, *War*, and *Rapin* found,  
 And Villany in all its Shapes is Crown'd.  
 Now furly Ploughmen *Ceres* Garlands scorn,  
 For Wreaths of Lawrel must their Brows adorn;  
 The bending Sythes to killing *Fauchion's* turn.  
*Euphrates* and the *Rhine* with Warlike Ardour  
 burn,  
 And *Neighbouring* Cities War, (all *Treaties* broke)  
 And Cruel *Mars* Triumphs in Blood and Smoak.  
 Thus in the Lifts four fiery Steeds appear,  
 And spring with Fury through the vast Carrier,  
 And force along th' unwilling Chariotier;  
 In vain he pulls, they scour the dusty Plain,  
 They know no check, and mock the Curbing Rein.

JUPPTER

Jupiter *and* Europa:  
FROM  
THE FOURTH BOOK  
OF  
*OVID* Metamorphoses.

By *Ste. Harvey*, Esquire.

SO sweet the Joys by Love and Beauty giv'n,  
They draw down Gods from their neglected  
Heav'n;

Even *Jove* himself, the Sovereign of the Skies,  
Saw brighter Glories in *Europa's* Eyes;  
He saw, he lov'd, and look'd with wonder down,  
On Darts of Lightning, keener than his own;

With

With all his Clouds he could not quench the Fire,  
And thus injoy'n'd the God of his desire.

See'st thou on *Sydon* Hills yon' Cattle feed? ;  
Descend, *Cyllenius*, with thy swiftest speed,  
Nigh to the Shoar the thoughtless Herd convey  
(Great business waits on this Important Day :)  
Already the wing'd Messenger was there,  
And faithfully had laid the fatal Snare :  
That Shoar it was, where oft this Royal Maid  
With *Tyrian* Virgins, her Companions, play'd ;  
Secure she play'd, and safe from human Spies,  
But who could shield her from Immortal Eyes!  
*Jove* watch'd the time, and Love had form'd a  
Thought  
Well weigh'd, and fitted to the Ends he sought ;  
Love's Laws Complacency, and Freedom claim, }  
Distance and State keep down the rising Flame ;  
And

And *Jove* his awful Being must disguise;  
 In less than human Form, to gain the Prize;  
 'Twas done; this dreadful, this avenging God,  
 Who shakes the trembling World at every Nod;  
 (So far th' engaging force of Love extends)  
 Put off his Godhead, and a Bull descends;  
 Unseen he light on the smooth Flowery Plain,  
 Near the fair Princess, who had caus'd his Pain;  
 His Hair was whiter than untrodden Snow,  
 A gentle sweetness dwelt upon his Brow;  
 A Charming Grace his every part adorns,  
 And shining Glories play'd about his Horns:  
 No fierceness there; for through the strange disguise  
 He view'd *Europa* with a Lover's Eyes;  
 Her bright *Companions* fled, but she would stay,  
 With each repeated Look her fears decay;  
 And Fate with Love conspir'd, the Virgin to  
 betray.



A Bribe she proffer'd of the choicest Flowers,  
 Which happy He with eager Joy devours;  
 And from her Hands, as he receiv'd the Bliss,  
 Bless'd that Occasion to return a Kiss;  
 A melting Kiss, which might the Mistress warm,  
 Had it been given her in a human Form:  
 Impetuous Fires now struggled in his Breast;  
 And hardly, hardly he forbore the rest;  
 Success in Love is usher'd by delight,  
 Nimbly he frisks and dances in her sight;  
 Then gently rowl'd on the soft Golden Sand,  
 Yielding his Breast to her officious Hand:  
 Fonder she grows, blind to her ruin led,  
 And Weaves fresh Garlands to adorn his Head;  
 Kneeling he took these Favours from the Fair  
 (So humble and so meek expecting Lovers are.)  
 Now on his back her busie Hand she laid,  
 Which gently born, down fate the hapless Maid;



With his Rich burthen, the impatient God  
Now rose, and through the gazing Herd she rode;  
Thus to the Sea advancing by degrees,  
First dips his Hoofs, then ventur'd to his Knees;  
And now no longer could his Joy delay  
Plung'd in the deep, and bore the trembling Prize  
away.

---

**PATROCLUS**

PATROCLUS's Request

TO

ACHILLES

For his Arms.

Imitated from the

Beginning of the 16 *Iliad* of  
*Homer.*

---

By Mr. THO. TALDEN.

---

**D**ivine *Achilles*, with Compassion mov'd,  
Thus to *Patroclus* spake, his best belov'd.

Why like a tender Girl do'st thou complain!  
That strives to reach the Mother's Breast in vain:

Mourns by her side, her Knees embraces fast,  
Hangs on her Robes, and interrupts her haste;  
Yet when with fondness to her Arms she's rais'd,  
Still Mourns, and Weeps, and will not be ap-  
peas'd?

Thus my *Patroclus* in his Grief appears,  
Thus like a froward Girl profuse of Tears.

From *Pthia* do'st thou Mournful tidings hear,  
And to thy Friend some fatal Message bear?  
Thy Valiant Father (if we Fame believe,)  
The good *Menatius* he is yet alive:  
And *Peleus*, tho' in his declining days,  
Reigns o're his *Mirmidons* in Health and Peace;  
Yet, as their latest Obsequies we paid,  
Thou Mourn'st them living, as already dead.

Or thus with Tears the *Grecian* Host deplore,  
That with their Navy perish on the Shore :  
And with Compassion their Misfortunes view,  
The just Reward to Guilt and Falsehood due ;  
Impartial Heav'n avenges thus my Wrong,  
Nor suffers Crimes to go unpunish'd long.  
Reveal the Cause so much afflicts thy Mind,  
Nor thus conceal thy Sorrows from thy Friend?

When, gently raising up his drooping Head,  
Thus, with a Sigh, the sad *Patroclus* said,

Godlike *Achilles*, *Peleus*-valiant Son !  
Of all our Chiefs, the greatest in Renown :  
Upbraid not thus th' afflicted with their Woes,  
Nor Triumph now the *Greeks* sustain such loss!

To pity let thy generous Breast incline,  
And show thy Mind is, like thy Birth, Divine,  
For all the valiant Leaders of their Host,  
Or Wounded lie; or are in Battel lost.  
*Ulysses* great in Arms, and *Diomedes*,  
Languish with Wounds; and in the Navy bleed:  
This common Fate great *Agamemnon* shares,  
And stern *Euripylus*, senown'd in Wars.  
Whilst powerful Drugs th' experienc'd Artists try,  
And to their Wounds apt Remedies apply:  
Easing th' afflicted *Heroes* with their skill,  
Thy Breast alone remains implacable!

What, will thy Fury thus for ever last!  
Let present Woes atone for Injurie past:  
How can thy Soul retain such lasting hate!  
Thy Virtues are as useless, as they're great.

What injur'd Friend from thee shall hope redress!  
That will not aid the *Greeks* in such distress:  
Useless is all the Valour that you boast,  
Deform'd with Rage, with sullen Fury lost.

Could Cruelty like thine from *Peleus* come,  
Or be the Offspring of fair *Thetis* Womb! (forth,  
Thee raging Seas, thee boist'rous Waves brought  
And to obdurate Rocks thou ow'st thy Birth!  
Thy stoudborn Nature still retains their Kind,  
So hard thy Heart, so savage is thy Mind,

But if thy boading Breast admits of fear,  
Or dreads what sacred Oracles declare!  
What awful *Thetis* in the Courts above,  
Receiv'd from the unerring Mouth of *Jove*!  
If so——Let me the threat'ning Dangers face,  
And Head the War-like Squadrons in thy place:



Whilst me thy valiant *Mirmidons* obey,  
We yet may turn the Fortune of the day.  
Let me in thy distinguish'd Arms appear,  
With all thy dreadful Equipage of War :  
That when the *Trojans* our approaches view,  
Deceiv'd, they shall retreat, and think 'tis you.

Thus from the rage of an insulting Host,  
We may retrieve that Fame the *Greeks* have lost.  
Vigorous, and fresh, th' unequal Fight renew,  
And from our Navy force the drooping Foe ;  
O're harras'd Men an easie Conquest gain,  
And drive the *Trojans* to their Walls again.

S O N G.

# A S O N G, By—

**M**AY the Ambitious ever find  
Success in Crouds and Noise,  
While gentle Love does fill my Mind  
With filent real Joys.

2.

May Knaves and Fools grow Rich and Great,  
And the World think 'em wise ;  
While I lye dying at her Feet,  
And all that World despise.

3.

Let Conquering Kings new Triumphs raise,  
And melt in Court Delights :  
Her Eyes can give much brighter days,  
Her Arms much softer Nights.

A N

---

AN O 2 A

# Epistle to Mr. B—

---

By Mr. Fr. Knapp, of Magdalen Colledge in  
Oxford.

---

*Dear Friend,*

**I** Hear that you, of late, are grown  
One of those squeamish Criticks of the Town,  
That think they have a License to abuse  
Each honest Author, that pretends to Muse.  
But be advis'd; why should you spend your time  
In Heath'nish Satyr, 'cause a Fool will Rhime?  
Poor harmless *W—y*! let him write again,  
Be pitied in his old Heroic Strain;

Let

Let him in Reams proclaim himself a Dunce,  
 And break a dozen Stationers at once,  
 What is't to you? Why shou'd you take't amiss  
 If *Grubstreet's* stock'd with Tenants, if the Press  
 Is hugely ply'd, and labours to produce  
 Some mighty Folio, for the Chandler's use?  
 Let *Grubstreet* scribble on, nor need you care  
 Tho' ev'ry Garret held a Poet there.

You know, that are acquainted with the Town,  
 How the poor Tribe are worry'd up and down:  
 How pensively the hungry Authors sit,  
 And, in their upper Regions, strain for Wit.  
 Such a poor tatter'd Small-Beer Herd they're  
 grown,  
 That scarce an Author from his Hawker's known:  
 No jolly Carbuncle thro' all the Race  
 Appears, to justify a Poet's Face.

This

This a sufficient Pennance seems to me  
 For *H——den's* Droll, or *S——tle's* Tragedy.  
 Is't not enough to starve for Writing ill,  
 That they ne're Dine, but when they Smoak a  
 Meal;

That their Works only serve to wipe, or twine  
 A Candle, or some feeble Bandbox line?  
 Consider, and let Charity prevail,  
 What Christian Critick can have heart to Rail  
 At such poor Rogues as these? Besides you know  
 A true stanch Poet can't Reform, what tho'  
 His Works have furnish'd a Lampoon or two?  
 They that have once in Print proclaim'd their  
 Name,  
 Are senseless all of Justice, as of Shame,  
 And none but Stationers shou'd Rail at Them.  
 Had e're the Lewdest of 'em all the Grace  
 Or Conscience, to Repent of making Verse?

For other Sins they feel Remorse sometimes,  
 But sure no Poet e're had Qualms for Rhimes;  
 Alas! no wholesom Counsel can be us'd  
 By a poor harden'd Wretch, when once *Bemoan'd*;  
 Then don't inhumanly your Pains mis-spend  
 On Reprobates, that you can never mend.

Had we a Parliament dispos'd to lay  
 A Tax on Metre, or invent some way,  
 In Grand Committee call'd, to regulate  
 This among other Grievances of State;  
 Then you might hope to hear an Act would pass  
 To limit all this Hackney jingling Race,  
 And order some Commissioners to find  
 Which way their Genius chiefly is inclin'd,  
 See how it stands affected to a Muse,  
 And as their Talents lye their Business chuse.

When



When a poor Thief to Tyburn's drawn, to be  
There made a Pendulum for Gallow Tree,  
Let D——y then his woful Exit sing,  
And with, *Good People all give ear*, begin.  
In gentle Ditty tenderly relate  
The inconvenience of his sudden Fate.  
Nor must judicious R——r be forgot,  
Let him for Madrigals compose a Plot.  
Let Jonny C——n in mild Acrosticks deal,  
His wondrous Skill in Anagram reveal;  
Let him in pretty Verse describe his Flame,  
And edge his Sonnet with his Mistress Name;  
*Stop Thief* the Warbling Musick shall prolong,  
*Stop Thief* shall be the Burden of the Song.  
And R——r too (for he above the rest  
Is richly with a double Talent blest,)  
Let him, for deep Reflexions long renown'd,  
Be lawful Critick thro' all *Grubstreet* own'd,

To be the Judge of each Suburbian Lay,  
 If their Acrosticks all the Rules obey,  
 Compos'd according to the Ancient way;  
 If Felon does with as much decence swing  
 In Metre, as he did before in String.

I grant you such a Course as this might do,  
 To make 'em humbly Treat of what they know;  
 Not vent'ring further than their Brains will go.  
 But what should I do then, for ever spoil'd  
 Of this Diversion which frail Authors yield?  
 I should no more on D——n's Counter meet  
 Words that are deeply skill'd in Rhime and Feet;  
 For I am Charm'd with easie Nonfence more,  
 Than all the Wit that Men of Sense adore:  
 With fear I view Great Dryden's hallow'd Page,  
 With fear I view it, and I read with Rage.

I'm all with Fear, with Grief, with Love possest,  
Tears in my Eyes, and Anguish in my Breast;  
While I with Mourning *Antony* repine,  
And all the Hero's Miseries are mine:  
If I read *Edgar*, then my Soul's at peace,  
Lull'd in a lazy state of thoughtless ease.  
No Passion's ruffled by the peaceful Lay,  
No Stream, no Depth, to hurry me away;  
*R——r* in both Professions harmless proves,  
Ner Wounds when Critick, nor when Poet moves:

But you condemn such lifeless Poetry,  
And wildly talk of nothing else to me  
But Spirit, Flame, Rapture, and Extasie;  
Strange Mystic things, I understand no more  
Than Laity *Pax Tecum* did of Yore.  
Therefore pray pardon, if I rail at Sense;  
And plead for Blockheads in my own defence;

For whom I have a thousand things to say,  
Which you must wait for till another day.  
Forgive me if I'm too abrupt, you know  
I never was Methodical like you ;  
I have no Rule to make an end but one,  
For when my Paper's out, my Letter's done.  
So once Lay-Vicars, in the Days of *Noll*,  
When faintly *Peters* did in Pulpits droll ;  
By Hour-Glafs set their Sermons, and the Flock  
Might safely snore in spite of Zealous Knock ;  
Till the last kind releasing Sand was run,  
But when the Glafs was out, the Cant was done.

---

# To MYRA.

*A great Flood having destroyed the Fruits of the Ground, and the Corn every where in her Neighbourhood, but upon her own Land.*

By Mr. George Granville.

**W**Hat Hands Divine have planted and protect,

The Torrent spares, and Deluges respect ;  
 So when the Water o're the World were spread,  
 Cov'ring the Oaks, and every Mountain's Head;  
 The chosen *Noah* fail'd within his Ark,  
 Nor durst the Waves o're-whelm the Sacred Bark.  
 The Charming *Myra* is no less we find  
 The Favourite of Heaven, than of Mankind,

The Gods like Rivals, imitate our care;  
And vie with Mortals to oblige the Fair;  
These Favours thus bestow'd on her alone,  
Are but the Homage which they sent her down.  
Oh *Myra*, may thy Vertue from above  
Be Crown'd with Blessings, endless as my Love.

---

T 2

S O N G.

---



## SONG.

By Mr. *George Granville.*

**I**Mpatient with desire, at last  
——I ventur'd to lay Forms aside,  
'Twas I was Modest, not she Chast,  
The Nymph as soon as ask'd comply'd.

With Amorous awe, a silent Fool,  
I gaz'd upon her Eyes with fear,  
Speak Love, how came your Slave so dull  
To Read no better there?

Thus, to our selves the greatest Foes,  
Altho' the Fair be well inclin'd,  
For want of Courage to propose,  
By our own folly, she's unkind.

A

# Short V I S I T.

I.

SO the long absent Winter-Sun,  
 ——— When of the Cold we most complain,  
 Comes flow, but swift away does run ;  
 Just shews the Day, and sets again.

2.

So the prime Beauty of the Spring,  
 The Virgin Lilly, works our Eyes ;  
 No sooner blown, but the gay thing  
 Steals from th' Admirers sight, and dyes.

3.

The gaudy Sweets o'th' Infant Year,  
 That ravish both the smell, and view,

T 3.

Do thus, deceitfully appear,

And fade as soon as smelt unto.

*Aminta*; tho' she be more Fair

Than untoucht Lillys, Chast as those;

Welcome as Suns in Winter are,

And sweeter than the blowing Rose.

5.

Yet when she brought, as late she did,

All that a dying Heart cou'd ease,

And by her swift return forbid

The Joys to last, she's too like these.

6.

Ah Tyrant Beauty! do you thus

Increase our Joy to make it less?

And do you only shew to us

A Heav'n, without design to bless?

7.

This was unmercifully kind,

And all our Bliss too dear has cost:

For is it not a Hell to find

We had a Paradise that's lost ?

---

*A Copy of Verses Written by Mr.  
Edmund Waller, above Forty  
Years since, and never Printed  
in any Edition of his Poetry.*

1.

**C**oris farewell; I now must go:

For if with thee I longer stay,

Thy Eyes prevail upon me so,

I shall prove Blind, and lose my way.

2.

Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth,  
Among the rest, me hither brought :  
Finding this Fame fall short of truth,  
Made me stay longer than I thought.

3.

For I'm engag'd by Word, and Oath,  
A Servant to another's Will ;  
Yet, for thy Love, wou'd forfeit both,  
Cou'd I be sure to keep it still.

4.

But what assurance can I take ?  
When thou, foreknowing this abuse,  
For some more worthy Lover's sake,  
May'st leave me with so just excuse.

5.

For thou may'st say 'twas not thy fault  
That thou did'st thus inconstant prove,

Being

Being by my Example taught

To ~~break~~ thy Oath, to mend thy Love.

6.

No *Cloris*, no; I will return,

And raise thy Story to that height,

That Strangers shall at distance burn,

And she distrust me Reprobate.

7.

Then shall my Love this doubt displace,

And gain such trust that I may come

And banquet sometimes on thy Face,

But make my constant Meals at home.

---

C U P I D's



# CUPID's Pastime.

---

By *Sidney Godolphin*, Esquire.

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1.

**I**T chanc'd of late a *Shepherd* Swain,  
That went to seek his wander'd Sheep,  
Within a thicket, on a Plain,  
Espied a dainty *Nymph* asleep.

2.

Her Golden Hair o're-spread her Face,  
Her careless Arms abroad were cast;  
Her Quiver had her Pillows place,  
Her Breast lay bare to ev'ry Blast.

3.

The Shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill;  
Nought durst he do, nought durst he say:

While

While Chance, or else perhaps his will,  
Guided the God of Love that way.

4.

The crafty Boy thus sees her sleep,  
Whom if she wak'd he durst not see,  
Behind her closely seeks to creep,  
Before her Knap shou'd ended be.

5.

There come, he steals her Shafts away,  
And put his own into their place:  
Nor dares he any longer stay,  
But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace.

6.

Scarce was he gone, but she awakes;  
And spies the Shepherd gazing by.  
Her bended Bow in haste she takes,  
And at the simple Swain let's fly.

7.

Forth flew the Shaft and pierc'd his Heart,  
That to the Ground he fell, with pain :  
Yet soon he up again did start,  
And to the Nymph he ran amain.

8.

Amaz'd to see so strange a sight,  
She Shot, and Shot, but all in vain :  
The more his Wounds, the more his might,  
Love yielding Strength amidst his Pain.

9.

Her angry Eyes were big with Tears ;  
She blames her Hand, she blames her Skill ;  
The bluntness of her Shafts she fears,  
And try them on her self she will.

10.

Take heed, fair Nymph, try not thy Shaft,  
Each little touch will pierce thy Heart.

Alas

Alas thou know'st not *Cupid's* craft,  
Revenge is Joy, the end is Smart.

11.

Yet she will try, and pierce some bare:  
Her Hands were glov'd, but next to hand  
Was that fair Breast, that Breast so rare  
That made the Shepherd senseless stand.

12.

That Breast she pierc'd, and through that Breast,  
Love found an entry to her Heart:  
At feeling of this new-come Guest,  
Lord, how this gentle Nymph did start.

13.

She runs not now, she Shoots no more:  
Away she throws both Shaft and Bow,  
She seeks for what she shunn'd before,  
She thinks the Shepherd's haste too slow,

14. Though

14.

Though Mountains meet not, Lovers may ;

What others did, just so did they.

The God of Love sate on a Tree,

And laught, the pleasing sight to see.

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FOR

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FOR THE  
NEW YEAR:  
TO THE  
SUN.  
INTENDED

To be Sung before Their Majesties on *New-Years* Day. 1693.

---

Written by Mr. *Prior* at the *Hague*.

---

**L**ight of the World, and Ruler of the Year,  
With happy Speed begin thy great Career;  
And as the Radiant Journey's run  
Where e're thy Beams are spread, where e're thy  
Power is known,

Through



Through all the distant Nations own,  
That in Fair *Albion* thou hast seen  
The Greatest Prince, the Brightest Queen,  
That ever Sav'd a People, ever Grac'd a Throne.

So may Thy God-head be confest,  
So the returning Year be Blest,  
As its Infant Months bestow  
Springing Wreaths for *William's* Brow;  
As its Summer's Youth shall shed  
Eternal Sweets round *Mary's* Head:  
From the Blessings They shall know,  
Our Times are Dated, and our *Æra's* move,  
They Govern, and Enlighten all below  
As Thou do'st all above.

Let our Heroe in the War  
Active and Fierce like Thee, appear;

Like

Like Thee, Great Son of *Jove*, like Thee,  
When clad in rising Majesty  
Thou Marchest down o're *Delos* Hills confest,  
With all thy Arrows Arm'd, with all thy Glory  
Drest.

Like Thee, the Heroe, does his Arms imploy,  
The raging *Python* to destroy,  
Cho. *And give the injur'd Nations Peace and Joy.*

From Ancient Times Historic Stores  
Gather all the smiling Hours,  
All that with Friendly Care have guarded  
Patriots and Kings in Rightful Wars,  
All that with Conquest have rewarded  
His Great Fore-Fathers Pious Cares,  
All that Story have Recorded  
Sacred to *Nassau's* long Renown,  
For Countries Sack'd and Battels Won.

Cho. *March Them again in fair Array,  
And bid Them form the Happy Day,  
The Happy Day design'd to wait  
On William's Fame, and Europe's Fate,  
Let the Happy Day be Crown'd  
With great Event and fair Success,  
No brighter in the Tear be found,  
But that which brings the Victor home in Peace.*

*Again Thy God-head we implore,  
(Great in Wisdom as in Power)  
Again for Mary's sake and ours,  
Chuse out other smiling Hours,  
Such as with lucky Wings have fled  
When Happy Counsels were advising,  
Such as have glad Omens shed  
O're forming Laws and Empires rising ;*

Such

Such as many Lustres ran  
Hand in Hand a goodly Train,  
To bless the Great *Eliza's* Reign,  
And in the Typic Glory show  
The fuller Bliss which *Mary* should bestow.

As the Graver Hours advance,  
Mingled send into the Dance,  
Many fraught with all the Treasures  
Which the *Eastern* Travel views,  
Many wing'd with all the Pleasures  
Man can ask, or Heav'n diffuse.

To ease the Cares which for her Subjects sake  
The Pious Queen does with glad Patience take.

Cho. *To let Her all the Blessings know*

*Which from those Cares upon Her Subjects flow.*

For Thy own Glory Sing our Sov'raign's Praise  
(God of Verses and of Days)

Let all Thy Tuneful Sons adorn  
Their lasting Work with *William's* Name,  
Let chosen Muses yet unborn  
Take *Mary's* Goodness for their Theam:  
Eternal Structures let Them raise  
On *William's* and on *Mary's* Praise,  
Nor want new Subjects for the Song,  
Nor fear They can exhaust the Store,  
Till Nature's Musick lies unstrung,  
Till Thou shalt shine no more.

---

# The D U E L.

By *Henry Savil*, Esquire. Written soon after the  
Duel of the *Staggs*.

I N *Milford-Lane*, near to *St. Clement's* Steeple,  
There liv'd a Nymph, kind to all Christian  
People.

A Nymph she was, whose comely Mean and  
Feature

Did Wound the Heart of every Man-like Crea-  
ture.

Under her Beauteous Bosom there did lye

A Belly smooth as any Ivory.

Yet Nature, to declare her various Art,

Had plac'd a Tuft in one convenient part.



No Park, with smoothest *Lawn*, and highest *Wood*,  
Could I're compare with this admir'd *abroad*;  
Here all the Youth of *England* did repair,  
To take their Pleasure, and to ease their Care.  
Here the Distressed Lover, that had born  
His haughty Mistress Anger, or her Scorn,  
Came for Relief, and, on this pleasant Shade,  
Forgot the former, and this Last obey'd.  
But yet what corner of the World is found,  
Where Pain our Pleasure doth not still surround?  
One would have thought that in this shady Grove,  
Nought could have dwelt but quiet Peace, and  
Love;

But Heaven directed otherwise, for here  
In mid'st of plenty Bloody Wars appear.  
The Gods will frown where-ever they do smile;  
The Crocodile infects the fertile *Nile*;

Lyons, and Tygers, in the *Lesbian* Plains,  
 Forbid all Pleasures to the fearful Swains.  
 Wild Beasts in Forests do the Hunters fright,  
 They fear their ruin, mid't of their delight.  
 Thus, in the Shade of this dark silent Bower,  
 Strength strives with Strength, and Pow'r does  
 vie with Power.

Two mighty Monsters did the Wood infest,  
 And struck such awe and terrour in the rest;  
 That no *Sicilian Tyrant* e're could boast  
 He e're with greater vigour rul'd the roast.  
 Each had his Empire which he kept in awe,  
 Was by his Will obey'd; allow'd no Law.  
 Nature so well divided had their States,  
 Nought but Ambition could have claim'd their  
 Seats.

For 'twixt their Empires stood a Briny Lake,  
 Deep as the Poet's do the Center make.

But here Ambition will admit no Bounds,  
There are no Limits to aspiring Crowns.  
The *Spaniard*, by his *Europe* Conquests bold,  
Sails o're the Ocean for the *Indian* Gold.  
The *Carthaginian Hero* did not stay  
Because he met vast Mountains in his way.  
He past the *Alps*, like Mole-Hills, such a mind  
As thinks on Conquests will be unconfin'd.  
Both with these haughty Thoughts one course do  
bend,  
To try if this vast Lake had any end;  
Where finding Countreys yet without a Name,  
They might by Conquest get eternal Fame:  
After long Marches, both their Armies tir'd,  
At length they find the place so much admir'd.  
When, in a little time, each doth descry  
The glimpse of an approaching Enemy:

Each

Each at the fight with equal Pleasure move,  
As we should do in well rewarded Love.  
Blood-thirsty Souls, whose only perfect joy  
Consists in what their Fury can destroy.  
And now both Armies do prepare to fight,  
And each the other unto War incite.  
In vain, alas! for all their force and strength  
Was now consumed by their Marches length;  
But the great Chiefs, impatient of delay,  
Resolve by single fight to try the Day.

---

TO

## A Person of Honour:

UPON HIS

## Incomprehensible Poems.

By \_\_\_\_\_

Come on you Criticks, find one fault who  
dares,

Or read it backwards, like a Witches Prayers,

'Twill do as well ; Throw not away your jests

On solid Nonsense that abides all Tests.

Wit, like Terse Claret, when't begins to pall,

Neglected lies, and's of no use at all :

But



But in its full perfection of decay  
Turns Vinegar, and comes again in play.  
Thou hast a Brain, such as it is indeed,  
Or what else shou'd thy Worm of fancy feed!  
Yet in a Filberd I have often known  
Maggots survive, when all the Kernel's gone.  
This Simile shall stand in thy defence,  
Gainst those dull Rogues that now and then  
write Sense.

Thy Wit's the same, whatever be thy Theam,  
As some digestions turn all Meat to Phlegm.  
They lie, dear Ned, that say thy Brain is barren,  
Where deep Conceits like Maggots breed in Car-  
rion;

Thy stumbling foundred Muse can trot as high  
As any other *Pegasus* can fly.

So the dull Eel moves nimbler in the Mud,  
Than all the swift Finn'd Racers of the Flood.



As skilful Divers to the bottom fall  
Sooner than those who cannot swim at all ;  
So in this way of Writing, without thinking,  
Thou hast a strange agility in sinking.  
Thou writest below ev'n thy own Natural parts,  
And with acquired dulness and new Arts  
Of Non-sense, seigest on kind Readers Hearts. }  
Therefore, dear Rogue, at my advice forbear  
Such loud Complaints 'gainst Criticks to prefer, }  
Since thou art turn'd an arrant Libeller. }  
Thou sett'st thy hand to what thy self does write,  
Did ever Libel yet more sharply bite,

Upon

*Upon the same.*

**T**Hou damn'd *Antipodes* to Common Sense,  
 Thou Foil to *Fleckno*, prithee tell from  
 whence  
 Does all this mighty Stock of dullness spring?  
 Is it thy own, or hast it from *Snow-Hill*,  
 Assisted by some ballad-making Quill?  
 No, they fly higher yet, thy Plays are such  
 I'd swear they were Translated out of *Dutch*.  
 Fain wou'd I know what Dyet thou dost keep,  
 If thou dost always, or dost never sleep?  
 Sure Hasty-Pudding is thy chiefeſt Diſh,  
 With Bullocks Liver, or ſome ſtinking Fiſh:  
 Garbage, Oxcheeks, and Tripes, do feaſt thy  
 Brain,  
 Which nobly pays this Tribute back again.

With

With Dazy Roots thy Dwarfish Muse is fed,  
A Gyants Body with a Pigmy's head.

Can'st thou not find among thy num'rous Race  
Of Kindred, one to tell thee, that thy Plays  
Are laught at by the Pit, Box, Gallerys, nay,  
Stage?

Think on't a while, and thou wilt quickly find  
Thy Body made for Labour, not thy Mind.  
No other use of Paper thou shou'dst make,  
Than carrying Loads and Reams upon thy back.  
Carry vast Burthens till thy Shoulders shrink,  
But Curst be he that gives thee Pen and Ink.  
Such dangerous Weapons shou'd be hept from  
Fools,

As Nurfes from their Children keep edge-Tools.  
For thy dull Fancy a Muckinder is fit  
To wipe the Slabberings of thy Snotty Wit;

And

And though 'tis late, if Justice cou'd be found,  
Thy Plays like blind-born Puppies shou'd be  
drown'd :

For were it not that we respect afford  
Unto the Son of an Heroick Lord,  
Thine in the Ducking-Stool shou'd take her seat,  
Drest like her self in a great Chair of State ;  
Where, like a Muse of Quality she'd dye,  
And thou thy self shalt make her Elegy, }  
In the same strain thou writ'st thy Comedy.

---

*Upon*

*Upon the same.*

**A**S when a Bully draws his Sword,  
Tho' no Man gives him a cross word;  
And all Perswasions are in vain,  
To make him put it up again:  
Each Man draws too, and falls upon him:  
Ev'n so, dear *Ned*, thy desperate Pen  
No less disturbs all Witty Men,  
And makes them wonder what a Devil  
Provokes Thee to be so uncivil.  
When thou, and all thy Friends must know 'em,  
Thou yet wilt dare to Print thy Poem.

That poor Curs Fate and thine, are one  
Who has his Tail Peg'd in a Bone;

About he runs, no body'l own him,  
Men, Boys, and Dogs, are all upon him;  
And first the greater Wits were at thee,  
Now ev'ry little Fool will pat thee:  
Fellows that ne're were heard, or read of,  
If thou writ'st on, will write thy Head off:

Thus Mastives only have a knack,  
To cast the Bear upon his back;  
But when th' unweildy Beast is thrown,  
Mungrils will serve to keep him down.

---



## TRANSLATED

FROM

*Seneca's Troas. Act. 2. Chorus.*

By Mr. Glanvill.

*Verum est? & timidus fabula decipit?*

**I**S't True that Souls their Bodies do survive?  
 Or does a Flam that timerous World deceive?  
 When some dear *Friend* our dying *Eyes* has clos'd,  
 And Life's last Day, Death's endless Night impos'd;

When the eas'd Corps, like an o're-jaded Slave  
 At length fet free, lies quiet in the Grave;  
 Were it not wise the Soul too to Entomb!  
 But must we still endure Life's wretched Doom?

Or

Or happier do we dye entire and whole,  
 Leave no continuing Relict of a Soul?  
 But when the vital Vapour of our Breath  
 Gasp'd into Air, is lost in Clouds and Death,  
 We're gon, and all that was of us before  
 To any thing of Life is then no more?  
 Yes, thus we Perish, and thus undergo  
 Th' approaching Lot of all things here below.  
 Time flies, and all the Sea or Sun goes round  
 With fure and quick destruction shall confound,  
 Swift as above the Stars, and Moon, and Sun,  
 In hurrying Orbs their hasty Courses run;  
 We Post to Fate, nor when we disappear  
 Are we, or ever shall be, any where,  
 As short-liv'd Smoak, ascending from the Flame,  
 Hovers, dissolves, and ne're shall be again.  
 As gather'd Clouds by scattering Blasts disjoyn'd,  
 Disperse and fly before the Hostile Wind:

So that thin fleeting thing Life passes o're,  
So flows our Spirit out, and then's no more.

After Death's Nothing ; Death it self is nought,  
Th' extremest Bound of a short Race of Thought.  
Let Slaves and Fools their Fears and Hopes give  
Solicit and delude themselves no more. (o're,

Wou'd you know where you shall be after Death ?  
There, where you were before you suck'd in  
Breath.

The Dead and the unborn are just the same,  
The Dead returning whence the Living came.  
Time takes us whole, throws all into the Grave ;  
Death will no more the Soul than Body save.  
For Hell and the damn'd Fiend that Lords it there  
With all the Torments we so vainly fear,  
Are empty Rumours, Melancholy Whims,  
Fantaſtick Notions, idle, frightful Dreams.

H O R A C E

## Horace B. I. Ode XIII

*Cum Tu, Lydia, Telephi, &c.*

*By Mr. Glamvill.*

I.

When happy *Strephon's* too prevailing  
Charms,

His rosy Neck, and his soft waxen Arms,

Inhumane *Lydia* wantonly you praise,

How cruelly my Jealous Spleen you raise!

Anger boils up in my hot labouring Breast,

Not to be hid, and less to be suppress.

2

Then 'twixt the Rage, the Fondness, and the Shame,

Nor Speech, nor Thoughts, nor Looks remain  
the same.

Fickle as my Mind my various Colour shews,

And with my Tide of Passion Ebbs and Flows:

X 3

Tears

Tears stealing fall distill'd by soft Desire,  
To shew the melting slowness of the Fire.

## 3

Ah! when I see that livid Neck betray  
The drunken Youth's too rudely Wanton Play;  
When on those passive Lips the marks I find  
Of frantick boiling Kisses left behind;  
I rave to think these cruel Tokens shew  
Things I cannot mistake, and wou'd not know.

## 4

How fond's the Hope, how foolish and how vain,  
Of lasting Love from the ungrateful Swain!  
Who that soft Lip so roughly can invade?  
Hurting with cruel Joy the tender Maid.  
Quickly they're glutt'd who so fierce devour;  
They suck the Nectar, and throw by the Flower.



5

But oh thrice happy they that equal move  
In an unbroken Yoke of faithful Love!  
Whome no Complaint, no Srife, no Jealousy  
Sets from their gentle, grateful Bondage free;  
But still they dear fast mutual Slaves remain,  
Till unkind Death breaks the unwilling Chain.

---

X 4

*Horace*

---



---

Horace B. I Ode XXIII.

---

By Mr. Glanvill.

---

*Vitas Hinnuleo me similis Chloe,*

**W**hen, *Chloe*, by your *Slave* pursu'd,  
Why shou'd you fly so fast?  
So the stray'd Fawn i'th' pathless Wood  
To her lost Dam makes haste.

Each Noise Alarms, and all things add  
New Terrour to her Fear;  
She starts at every Dancing shade,  
Each Breath of singing Air.

With every Leaf, each Bush that shakes,  
Throughout the murmuring Grove;

Her

Her Sympathetick Heart partakes,  
She trembles as they move.

Fond Maid, unlike the Wolf and Boar,  
I Hunt not to destroy;  
My utmost Prey wou'd be no more  
Than you might give with Joy.

Urg'd on by soft and gentle Love,  
I harmlessly pursue,  
Your Flight to me may Cruel prove,  
But not my Chase to you.

Cease idle Dreams of fancied Harms,  
To Childish Fears Trapanns;  
Leave running to thy Mothers Arms  
Who now art fit for Man's.

## B. II. Ode XII.

*Nolis longa feræ Bella Numantiæ, &c.*By Mr. *Glanvill*.

**U**Rge me no more to Write of Martial things,  
 Of fighting Heroes, and of conquering Kings:  
 Our brave Fore-Fathers Glory to advance,  
 Shew subdu'd *Ireland*, and sing vanquish'd *France*;  
 Tell how *Spains* Blood the *British* Ocean swell'd,  
 With Shame Invading, and with more Repell'd.  
 No, these high Theams of the Heroick strain  
 Suit ill with my low feeble Vein:  
 To equal Numbers I'd in vain aspire,  
 How shou'd I make a Trumpet of a Lyre?  
 Much less dare I, in an unhallow'd Strain,  
 Great *Nassau's* Wars and Victories Prophane.

You

You better may in lasting Prose rehearse  
 Things which defy my humble Verse.  
 'Tis a fond thing to think to reconcile  
 Such Glorious Actions with so mean a Stile.

2.

Me fair *Lycinnia*'s softer Praise,  
 Her Native Charms, and winning ways,  
 The Muse ordain'd to sing in gentle Lays.  
 Me the sweet Song, which *Syrens* Art defies,  
 Me the serenely shining Eyes,  
 And, above all, the gen'rous grateful Heart  
 True to the mutual Love, and faithful to its part.

*Lycinnia* whose becoming Dance  
 With Airy motion does Loves fire advance,  
 Whose wanton Wit wild as her Eyes  
 The tickled Mind does pleasantly surprize;  
 Whose various Arts all our loose Powers Alarm,  
 A Grace each Action, and each word's a Charm.

3. Ah!

## 3.

Ah ! when her willing Head she greatly bends,  
And fragrant Kisses Languishingly lends :  
When with fond artful Coyness she denys,  
More glad to lose, than we to win the Prize,  
Or when the Wanton in a Toying Vein  
Snatches the Kiss from the prevented Swain ;  
Wou'd you then give one Bracelet of her Hair  
For the poor Crowns that Monarchs wear ?  
Wou'd you exchange for all those favourite Isles  
The Sun laughs on, one of her pleasing Smiles ?  
Wou'd you for both the *Indies* Wealth decline,  
The hidden Treasures of her richer Mine ?  
Not I, for such vain Toys I'd ne'er remove,  
My wealth, my Pomp, my Heav'n shou'd all be  
Love.

A N  
A C C O U N T  
O F T H E  
Greatest English Poets

To Mr. H. S. Ap. 3d. 1694.

---

By Mr. Joseph Addison.

---

**S***Ince, Dearest Harry, you will needs request  
A short Account of all the Muse possess;  
That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's Times,  
Have spent their Noble Rage in Brittish Rhimes;  
Without more Preface, wrote in Formal length,  
To speak the Undertakers want of strength,*



*I'll try to make they're sev'ral Beauties known,  
And show their Verses worth, tho' not my Own.*

Long had our dull Fore-Fathers slept Supine,  
Nor felt the Raptures of the Tuneful Nine;  
Till *Chaucer* first, a merry *Bard*, arose;  
And many a Story told in Rhime and Prose.  
But Age has Rusted what the *Poet* writ,  
Worn out his Language, and obscur'd his Wit:  
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,  
And tries to make his Readers laugh in vain,

Old *Spencer* next, warm'd with Poetick Rage,  
In Antick Tales amus'd a Barb'rous Age;  
An Age that yet uncultivate and Rude,  
Where-e're the Poet's Fancy led, pursu'd

Through

Through pathless Fields, and unfrequented  
Floods,

To Dens of Dragons, and Enchanted Woods.

But now the Mystick Tale, that pleas'd of Yore,

Can Charm an understanding Age no more ;

The long-spun Allegories fulsom grow,

While the dull Moral lies too plain below.

We view well-pleas'd at distance all the fights

Of *Arms* and *Palfries*, *Cattel's*, *Fields* and *Fights*,

And *Damsels* in *Distress*, and *Courteous*

*Knights*.

But when we look too near, the *Shades* decay,

And all the pleasing *Lan-skip* fades away.

Great *Cowley* then (a mighty Genius) wrote ;

O're-run with Wit, and lavish of his Thought :

His Turns too closely on the Reader press ;

He more had pleas'd us had he pleas'd us less.

One glitt'ring Thought no sooner strikes our Eyes  
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise:  
As in the Milky way a shining White,  
O're-flows the Heav'ns, with one continu'd Light;  
That not a single Star can shew his Rays,  
Whilst joyntly all promote the Common-Blaze.  
Pardon, Great *Poet*, that I dare to name  
Th' unnumber'd Beauties of thy Verse with  
blame;

Thy fault is only Wit in its Excess,  
But Wit like thine in any shape will please.  
What Muse but thine cou'd equal Hints inspire;  
And fit the Deep-Mouth'd *Pindar* to thy Lyre:  
*Pindar*, whom others in a Labour'd strain,  
And forc'd Expression, imitate in vain?  
Well-pleas'd in thee he Soars with new delight,  
And Play's in more unbounded Verse, and takes  
a nobler flight.

Blest Man ! who's spotless Life and Charming  
Lays

Employ'd the *Tuneful Prelate* in thy Praise ;

Blest Man ! who now shall be for ever known,  
In *Sprat's* successful Labours and thy own,

But *Milton* next, with high and haughty stalks,  
Unfetter'd in *Majestick Numbers* walks ;  
No vulgar *Heroe* can his Muse ingage ;  
Nor *Earth's* wide *Scene* confine his hallow'd Rage,  
See ! see, he upward Springs, and Tow'ring high  
Spurns the dull Province of Mortality ;  
Shakes Heav'ns Eternal Throne with dire Alarms,  
And sets the Almighty Thunderer in Arms.  
What-e're his Pen describes I more then see,  
Whilst ev'ry Verse, array'd in Majesty,

Bold, and sublime, my whole attention draws,  
And seems above the Criticks nicer Laws.

How are you struck with Terroure and Delight,  
When *Angel* with *Arch-Angel* Cope's in Fight!

When *Great Messiah's* out-spread Banner shines,  
How does the Charriot Rattel in his Lines!

What sounds of Brazen Wheels, what Thunder,  
    sare,

And stun the Reader with the Din of War!

With fear my Spirits and my Blood retire  
To see the *Seraphs* sunk in Clouds of Fire;

But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,  
And view the first gay Scenes of *Paradise*;

What Tongue, what words of Rapture can ex-  
    press

A Vision so profuse of pleasantness.

Oh had the Poet ne're prophan'd his Pen,

To varnish o're the Guilt of Faithless Men;



His other works might have deserv'd applause :  
But now the Language can't support the Cause ,  
While the clean Current, tho' serene and bright,  
Betray's a bottom odious to the sight.

But now my *Muse* a softer strain rehearse.  
Turn ev'ry Line with Art, and smooth thy Verse ;  
The *Courtly Waller* next Commands thy Lays,  
*Muse* Tune thy Verse, with Art, to *Waller's* Praise.  
While tender *Airs* and lovely *Dames* inspire  
Soft melting Thoughts, and propagate Desires ;  
So long shall *Waller's* strains our Passion move,  
And *Sacharissa's* Beauties kindle Love. .  
Thy Verse, *Harmonious Bard*, and flatt'ring Song,  
Can make the Vanquish'd Great, the Coward  
strong.

Thy Verse can show ev'n *Cromwell's* innocence,  
And Complement the Storms that bore him hence.



Oh had thy Muse not come an Age too soon,  
But seen *Great Nassaw* on the *Brittish* Throne!  
How had his Triumphs glitter'd in thy Page,  
And warm'd Thee to a more Exalted Rage!  
What *Scenes* of *Death* and *Horror* had we viewd,  
And how had *Boins* wide Current Reek'd in  
Blood!

Or if *Maria's* Charms thou wou'dst rehearse,  
In smother Numbers and a softer Verse;  
Thy Pen had well describ'd her Graceful Air,  
And *Gloriana* wou'd have seem'd more Fair.

Nor must *Roscommon* pass neglected by,  
That makes ev'n Rules a Noble Poetry:  
Rules who's deep Sense and Heav'nly Numbers  
show,  
The best of Critticks, and of Poets too.

Nor *Denham* must we e're forget thy Strains,  
While *Cooper's Hill* Commands the Neighb'ring  
Plains.

But see where artful *Dryden* next appears,  
Grown old in Rhime, but Charming ev'n in Years.  
*Great Dryden* next! who's Tuneful Muse affords  
The sweetest Numbers, and the fittest words.  
Whether in *Comick* sounds or *Tragick* Airs  
She form's her voice, she moves our Smiles or  
Tears.

If *Satire* or *Heroick Strains* she writes,  
Her *Heroe* pleases, and her *Satire* Bites.  
From her no harsh, unartful Numbers fall,  
She wears all Dresses, and she Charms in all:  
How might we fear our *English* Poetry,  
That long has flourish'd, shou'd decay with Thee;  
Did not the Muses other Hope appear,  
*Harmonious Congreve*, and forbid our Fear.

*Congreve!*

*Congreve*! who's Fancies unexhausted Store  
Has given already much, and promis'd more.  
*Congreve* shall still preserve thy Fame alive,  
And *Dryden's* Muse shall in his Friend survive.

I'm tir'd with Rhiming, and wou'd fain give  
O're,

But Justice still demands one Labour more :

*The Noble Montague* remains unnam'd,

For Wit, for Humour, and for Judgment fam'd ;

To *Dorset* he directs his Artful Muse,

In numbers such as *Dorset's* self might use.

Now negligently Graceful he unrein's

His Verse, and writes in loose Familiar strains ;

How *Nassau's* Godlike Acts adorn his Lines,

And all the *Heroe* in full Glory Shines.

We see his Army set in just Array,

And *Boier* D'd Waves run purple to the Sea.

Nor

Nor *Simois* choak'd with Men, and Arms, and  
Blood ;

Nor rapid *Xanthu's* celebrated Flood :  
Shall longer be the *Poet's* highest Themes,  
The Gods and Heroes fought, Promiscuous in  
they're streams.

But now, to *Nassau's* secret Councils rais'd,  
He Aids the *Heroe*, whom before he Prais'd.

*I've done, at length, and now, Dear Friend, receive  
The last poor Present that my Muse can give.*

*I leave the Arts of Poetry and Verse*

*To them that practise 'em with more success.*

*Of greater Truths I'll now prepare to tell,*

*And so at once, Dear Friend and Muse, Farewell.*

---

THE END.

*I have here inserted a Catalogue of what Poems are contained in the three former Miscellanies.*

## A Table to the first part of Miscellany Poems.

**M**Ac Flečno  
Abſolom and Achito-  
phel.

*The Medal*

*By Mr. Dryden.*

Several of Ovid's Elegies,  
Book the First.

*Elegy the first, By Mr. Cooper.*

*The second Elegy, By Mr. Creech.*

*The fourth Elegy, By Sir Ch. Scrope.*

*The fifth, By Mr. Duke.*

*The eighth Elegy, By Sir Ch. Sidley.*

Out of the Second Book.

*Elegy the first, By Mr. Adams.*

*Elegy the fifth, By Sir Ch. Sidley.*

*Elegy the sixth, By Mr. Creech.*

*Elegy the seventh, By Mr. Creech.*

*Elegy the eighth, By Mr. Creech.*

*The same by another Hand.*

*Elegy the ninth, By the late Earl of Rochester.*

*Ellegy the twelfth, by Mr. Creech.*

*Elegy the fifteenth, by Mr. Adams.*

*Elegy the nineteenth, By Mr. Dryden.*

Out of the Third Book.

*Elegy the fourth, By Sir Ch. Sidley.*

*Elegy the fifth.*

*Elegy the sixth, By Mr. Rimer.*

*Elegy the ninth, By Mr. Stepny.*

*Elegy the thirteenth, By Mr. Tate.*

*The same by another Hand.*

*Part of Virgil's fourth Georgic, Englished by the E. of M.*

*The parting of Sireno and Diana, by Sir Ch. Scrope.*

*Lucretia*



# A T A B L E.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>Lucretia out of Ovid de Fa-<br/>ftis.</p> <p>On Mr. Dryden's Religio La-<br/>ici, By the Earl of Rosco-<br/>mon.</p> <p>Upon Mr. Dryden's Religio<br/>Laici.</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Odes of Horace.</p> <p>The twenty second Ode of the<br/>first Book, by the Earl of<br/>Roscomon.</p> <p>The sixth Ode of the third<br/>Book, By the Earl of Ros-<br/>comon.</p> <p>The fourth Ode of the first<br/>Book.</p> <p>The fourth Ode of the second<br/>Book, By Mr. Duke.</p> <p>The eighth Ode of the second<br/>Book, By Mr. Duke.</p> <p>The ninth Ode of the third<br/>Book, By Mr. Duke.</p> <p>The same by another Hand.</p> <p>The ninth Ode of the fourth<br/>Book, By Mr. Stepany.</p> <p>The fifteenth Ode of the se-<br/>cond Book.</p> <p>The sixteenth Ode of the se-<br/>cond Book, by Mr. Ot-<br/>way.</p> <p>The first Epode of Horace.</p> <p>The third Elegy of the first<br/>Book of Propertius, By</p> | <p>Mr. Adams.</p> <p>Fæda est in Coitu, &amp;c. out<br/>of Petronius.</p> <p>Epistle from R. D. to T. O.</p> <p style="padding-top: 10px;">A letter to a friend.</p> <p>An Elegy; out of the Latin of<br/>Francis Remond.</p> <p>Amarillis, or the third Idyl-<br/>lium of Theocritus Para-<br/>phras'd, by Mr. Dryden.</p> <p>Pharmacutria, out of Theo-<br/>critus, By Mr. Bowles.</p> <p>The Cyclops, the eleventh Idyl-<br/>lium of Theocritus, Eng-<br/>lished by Mr. Duke: To Dr.<br/>Short.</p> <p>To absent Cælia.</p> <p>Prologue to the University of<br/>Oxford, By Mr. Dryden.</p> <p>Epilogue to the same, By Mr.<br/>Dryden.</p> <p>Prologue at Oxford in 1674<br/>By Mr. Dryden.</p> <p>The Epilogue</p> <p>Prologue at Oxford.</p> <p>Prologue at Oxford, By Mr.<br/>Dryden.</p> <p>Prologue at Oxford, 1680.<br/>By Mr. Dryden.</p> <p>Prologue to Albumazar Revi-<br/>v'd, By Mr. Dryden.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Prologue</p> |
|---|--|



# A TABLE.

*Prologue to Arviragus, By Mr. Dryden*

*Prologue spoken the first day of the King's House acting after the Fire, By Mr. Dryden.*

*Prologue for the Women at the Old Theatre. By Mr. Dryden.*

*Prologue at the opening the New House, By Mr. Dryden.*

*Epilogue by the same Author. An Epilogue, By Mr. Dryden*

*An Epilogue spoken at the King's House.*

*Prologue to the Princess of Cleves.*

*Epilogue to the same, Written by Mr. Dryden.*

*Epilogue for Calisto, when acted at Court.*

*A Poem spoken to the Queen at Trinity Colledge in Cambridge.*

*Floriana a Pastoral, upon the Death of the Dutchess of Southampton, By Mr. Duke.*

*The Tears of Amynta for the Death of Damon, By Mr. Dryden.*

*The praises of Italy, out of*

*Virgil's Second Georgick, By Mr. Chetwood. 303*

*Virgil's Eclogues, Translated by several Hands.*

**T**HE first Eclogue, by John Caril, Esq;

*The second, By Mr. Tate.*

*The same By Mr. Creech.*

*The third Eclogue, By Mr. Creech.*

*The fourth, By Mr. Dryden.*

*The fifth, By Mr. Duke.*

*The sixth, By the Earl of Roscommon.*

*The seventh, By Mr. Adams.*

*The eighth, By Mr. Stafford.*

*The same by Mr. Chetwood.*

*The ninth Eclogue, By Mr. Dryden.*

*The tenth Eclogue, By Mr. Stafford.*

*The last Eclogue, Translated, or rather imitated, in the Year, 1666.*

# A Table to the Second Part of Miscellany Poems.

- T**He entire Episode of Nisus and Euryalus, Translated from the 5th. and 9th. Books of Virgil's Æneids, by Mr. Dryden.
- The entire Episode of Mezentius and Lausus, Translated out of the 10th. Book of Virgil's Æneids, by Mr. Dryden.
- The Speech of Venus to Vulcan, Translated out of the 8th. Book of Virgil's Æneids, by Mr. Dryden.
- The beginning of the First Book of Lucretius, Translated by Mr. Dryden.
- The beginning of the Second Book of Lucretius, Translated by Mr. Dryden.
- The Translation of the latter part of the Third Book of Lucretius, Against the Fear of Death, by Mr. Dryden.
- Lucretius the Fourth Book, concerning the Nature of Love; beginning at this Line,  
Sic igitur Veneris qui telis accipit ictum, &c.  
by Mr. Dryden.
- From Lucretius, Book the Fifth, Tum porro puer, &c. by Mr. Dryden.
- Theocrit. Idyllium. the 18. the Epithalamium of Helen and Menelaus, by Mr. Dryden.
- Theocrit. Idyllium the 23d. the Despairing Lover, by Mr. Dryden.
- Daphnis from Theocritus, Idyll. 27. by Mr. Dryden.
- The Third Ode of the first Book of Horace, Inscrib'd to the Earl of Roscomon, on his intended Voyage to Ireland, by Mr. Dryden.
- The 9th. Ode of the first Book of Horace, by Mr. Dryden.
- The 29th. Ode of the Third Book of Horace, Paraphras'd in Pindarick Verse, and inscrib'd to the Right Honourable Lawrence E. of Rochester, by Mr. Dryden.
- From Horace Epode 2d. by Mr. Dryden.
- Part of Virgil's 4th. Georgick,

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*The Sixth Elegy of the First Book of Tibullus.*  
*Ovid's Dream.*  
*A Prologue intended for the Play of Duke and no Duke.*  
*The Fourteenth Ode of the Second Book of Horace.*  
*The First Idyllium of Theocritus, Translated into English.*  
*The Reapers, the 10th. Idyllium of Theocritus, Englished by William Bowles Fellow of Kings-Colledge in Cambridge.*  
*The 12th. Idyllium of Theocritus.*  
*The 19th. Idyllium of Theocritus.*  
*The Complaint of Ariadna out of Catullus, by Mr. William Bowles.*  
*The 20th. Idyllium of Theocritus, by Mr. William Bowles.*  
*To Lesbia out of Catullus.*  
*The Lesbia.*  
*To Lesbia, A Petition to be freed from Love.*  
*The 12th. Elegy of the 2d. Book of Ovid,*  
*The 16th. Elegy of the 2d. Book of Ovid.*  
*The 19th. Elegy of the Third Book.*
- Of Natures Changes from Lucretius, Book the 5th. by a Person of Quality.*  
*The 7th. Ode of the 4th. Book of Horace, Englished by an unknown Hand.*  
*The 10th. Ode of the 2d. Book of Horace.*  
*The 18th. Epistle of the first Book of Horace.*  
*The 2d. Satyr of the first Book of Horace, Englished by Mr. Stafford.*  
*The 4th. Elegy of the 2d. Book of Ovid.*  
*Elegy the 11th. Lib. 5. De Trist. Ovid complains of his 3 years Banishment.*  
*An Ode Sung before the King on New-Years Day.*  
*Upon the late Ingenious Translation of P. Simons Critical History, by H. D. Esq.*  
*Horti Arlingtoniani, ad Clarissimum Dominum, Henricum, Comitem Arlingtoniæ, &c. by Mr. Charles Dryden.*  
*A New Song, by Mr. Dryden.*  
*A Song by Mr. Dryden.*  
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*On the Kings-House now Building at Winchester.*  
*The Episode of the Death of Camilla, &c. by Mr. Stafford.*

## A Table to the Third Part of the Miscellany Poems.

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The Silver Age. By the same.

The Brazen Age. By the same.

The Iron Age, By the same.

The Giant's War. By the same.

The Transformation of Daphne into a Laurel. By the same.

The Transformation of Io into a Heifer. By the same.

The Eyes of Argos Transform'd into a Peacocks Train. By the same.

The Transformation of Syrinx into Reeds. By the same.

The Phable of Iphis and Janthe, from the Ninth Book of the Metamorphoses, Englished by Mr. Dryden.

The Fable of Acis, Polyphemus, and Galatea, from the Thirteenth Book of the Metamorphoses, Englished by Mr. Dryden.

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- On Mrs. Arabella Hunt Singing. A Pindarique Ode. By Mr. Congreve.*
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- To the Dutchess, on her Return from Scotland, in the Year 1682. By Mr. Dryden:
- A Song for St. Cecilia's Day, 1687. Written by John Dryden Esquire, and Compos'd by Mr. John Baptift Draghi.
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- To Mr. Dryden, on his Translation of Persius. By Mr. B. Higgons.
- To Sir Godfrey Koeller, drawing my Lady Hides Picture. By Mr. B. Higgons.
- Song on a Lady indispos'd. By Mr. Higgons.
- Song to a Fair, young Lady, going out of the Town in the Spring. By Mr. Dryden.
- A Song by my Ld. R. —
- A Song by my Ld. R. —
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- Out of Horace. By my Ld. R. —
- To a Lady, who Raffling for the King of France's Picture, flung the highest Chances on the Dice. By Mr. B. Higgons.
- On my Lady Sandwich's being stay'd in Town by the immoderate Rain. By Mr. B. Higgons.
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- Ovid's Love-Elegies. Book 1. Eleg. 8. Of Love and War. By Henry Cromwell, Esquire.
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- Ovid's *Love-Elegies*. Book 3. Eleg. 2. To his *Mistress* at the Horse-Race. By Henry Cromwell Esquire.
- Ovid's *Love-Elegies*. Book 3. Eleg. 3. Of his *Perjur'd Mistress*. By Henry Cromwell, Esq;
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foot between the King of  
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French Poetry.  
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mouth's Picture.  
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chester.  
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Day.  
A Song.  
A Song.  
Song.  
Song.  
To the King in the Year 1686  
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ville.  
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himself.  
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berlain; in Love with a  
Lady he had taken in an  
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Anachreon Imitated.  
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Translated into English  
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den.  
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phrase on it in Eng-  
lish  
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ton.  
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ster.  
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phin, Esq; on Tom. Kile-  
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rey.  
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cerning Death. By Mr.  
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*On Exodus 3. 14. I am that  
am. A Pindarique Ode.  
By Mr. Prior.*

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and Andromache. From  
the Sixth Book of Homer's  
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F I N I S

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